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VOL. VII. M'KINNEY, TEXAS, THURSDAY, NOVEMBER 6, 1890. NO. 40

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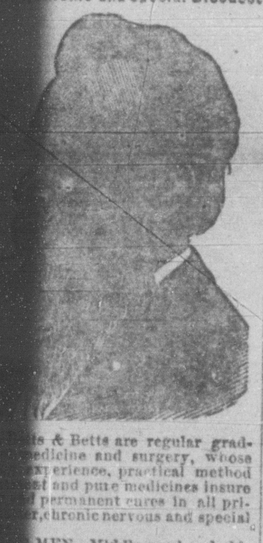

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THE CAMP AT HARRISES.

How "Bleedin' Kansas" Was Jilted.

Why they called him Bleedin' Kansas I really couldn't say,
I allers had er notion 'at he came from Kansas way;
But er party from Topeky 'at giv' et ter me straight
Said 'at Bleedin' Kansas told him he wuz never in ther state.
When ther critter come ter Harrises along in 'sevenfy-nine
I don't beleeve ther tenderfoot had ever seen er mine;
But though we guyed him awful in ther playful way we had
He tuck et all good naturedly an' never onct got mad.

He wuz open ter conviction an' appeared ter tumble quick,
So et didn't take him long ter larn ther duties of er pick;
An' ther way he kep' et goin' et ther bottom of ther shaft
Wuz er lesson fer ther loafers as' er credit to ther craft.
He wa'nt er prohibition crank an' yit he seemed ter shun
Ther shift 'at piled fer Harrises ez soon ez work wuz done.
But when the boys insisted he never made er beef,
An' stood his round o' treatin' without er sign o' grief.
He never wuz er stingy duck, but still he didn't give.
The bulk of all his airnin's ter let the gamblers live;
An' ez fer wimmin's company, he kep' 'em all aloof,
An' showed 'em by his actions 'at he wuz bullet proof.

Et seemed to me 'at Kansas hed suthin' on his mind;
He went around abstracted-like, an' some of us opined
'At mebbe he wuz ha'nted by ghostes of ther past
'At follered him ter Harrises ter do him up et last,
He useter git er letter from ther carrier every week
At brung her mail bag over from ther stage et Frozen Creek;
An' he seemed to grow more chipper, fer er day er two et least,
Ez he dreamt about the writer 'at wuz waitin' thar back East.

He wuz up on eddication said them ez thought they knew,
An' ez fer pints on grammar, he could give us all er few;
But still he never put on airs an' allers acted white,
Tell he became et Harrises ther giu'ral faveright.
We uster gether every week ter see him get his mail,
An' soon ez et wuz handed him he'd mosey up ther trail,
But purty quick 'ud sonter back, his eyes er dancin' bright,
An' then we'knowed ther gal wuz true an' everythin' wuz right.
Et gotter be absorbin' fun ter see that mail come in,
An' all ther boys 'at gethered thar reflected Kansas' grin.
Fer somehow every one of us wuz ready ter enthuse
An' laugh with Bleedin' Kansas as he read his cheerful news.

O' course he never said er word regardin' his affairs,
Fer thar is secrets sech ez these er feller never shares,
But tho' ther critter fancied 'at no one knew his play
Thet whole blamed camp wuz posted in er most surprisin' way.
He even knowed the color of her eyes an' style o' nose,
An' speckeriated mildly on ther pattern of her clo'es.
While darin' Dick McMasters, who had traveled in Parce,
Opined she was an angel of superlative degree.
Some thought 'at she wuz stately an' perhaps er trifle slim.
With er pile o' gold an' larnin', but none too much for *him;*
While others drawed her pictur ez er sort o' fairy miss
'At wuz peart an' small an' nippy, an' made fer men ter kiss.
But none o' these reflections Bleedin' Kansas ever heard;
Et wuz on'y in our cabins 'at these remarks occurred,
An' ez ther critter stayed alone we didn't hev no fears
'At what we said about the gal 'ud ever reach *his* ears.

Purty soon we heered 'at Kansas wuz fixin' up his shack,
An' then we seed him buildin' er kitchen et ther back,
An' one er two perjections' at he added ter ther side
Set all ther boys er chucklin', fer they knowed et meant er bride.
But still he never peeped er word, fer, ez I've tried ter show,
In spreadin' information ther cuss wuz mighty slow;
But when ther shack wuz finished an' we seen ther way he looked
We mentally determined 'at thet eastern gal wuz booked.

Nex' Monday, when ther carrier come a-lopin' up ther trail,
Thar never wuz so many ducks er lookin' after mail;
But, in course to Bleedin' Kansas they giv' ther right o' way,
Fer when a feller gits in love thar's allers hell ter pay.
Ther carrier held ther letters an' sifted thro' ther list,
But ther mail fer Bleedin' Kansas fer er wonder hed been missed;
An' ther disappointed lover dropped outer line an' flew,
With every mother's son of us er feelin' jest ez blue.
Another week an' then er third, but still no letter fell
In Bleedin' Kansas' waitin' hands ter tell him she wuz well;
An' all on us wuz mournful-like, an' wondered et could be
Ther gal hed jumped ther cantract an' agreed ter disagree.
Et last our mental feelin's hed come ter sech a pitch
'At some of us determined fer ter try an' larn ther hitch;
But et broke our resolutions an' giv' our hopes er cramp
Ter find 'at Bleedin' Kanses hed tuk an' jumped ther camp.
Fer sev'ral months he stayed away an' left the boys in doubt,
Not knowin' if that love affair of his had petered out.
An' then one day ter Harrises er feller moseyed in,
Er tall, ungainly critter, with features pale an' thin,
An' clothin' soiled an' dusty from er long an' weary tramp—
But we recognized poor Kansas an' welcomed him ter camp.
He never said er word about the gal he useter spark,
An' tho' we fairly ached ter know, we kep' our wishes dark;
For somehow we could plainly see the feller wuz the same
An' knowed by intooition 'at er cuss had jumped his claim.

He tuck ter drinkin' after this an' gambled like a Turk.
An' spent his money foolishly an' seldom went ter work
An' on ther wimmen et ther camp he lavished lots o' stuff,
Tell all remarked 'at Kansas wuz er gittin' mighty though
One night when he wuz bilin' drunk an' in er sort o' craze
He reeled terward his purty shack an' set ther place a blaze;
An' ez ther wind rose higher it seemed ez ef et tried
Ter sing er sort o' requeeam for Bleedin' Kansas' bride.
I donno whar ther feller slep' succeedin' this event;
In days an' night o' wild de auch ther critter's life wuz spent;
An' all of us felt mighty sore ter think a gal could send.
So trim er chap ez Kansas wuz ter such er measley end.
Et wa'n't no use er talkin,' ther pace wuz awful fast,
But all of us wuz startled when they wind up come et last.
An' et broke us up completely when Bleedin' Kansas lay
Weth er bullet in his temple, an' his spirit far away.
His hand still grasped er locket, inside o' which we spied,
Ther saucy, dimpled face o' her who wuz ter be his bride.
An' we laid et in his bosom, altho' we felt 'at she
Wuz honestly responsible fer all his misery.

We buried Bleedin' Kansas exactly on ther spot
Whar he hed sunk upon his knees ter fire ther fatal shot,
An' ther burnt an' blackened timbers of ther shanty seemed ter be
Er monnyment ez fittin' ez er man 'ud wish ter see;
An' ther winds thet whistled thro' 'em weth pregnant words wuz rife,
Fer they told of faithless woman an' ez wretched, ruined life.

SAM T. CLOVER.

CAME BACK FOR REVENGE.

A Bear Carries Off Her Dead Cub but Returns to Fight It Out.

One day while proceeding up a canyon in the Raton mountains, a large silver-tip bear and her cub leaped out and made a rush up the sloping side of the valley to escape from our society. There were three in our party and every Winchester began to talk very earnestly and excitedly. The cub tumbled dead the first fire. I call him a cub, but truth is he was more than half as large as his mother and weighed 240 pounds. The old lady did not show any injury and the moment the young one tumbled, she turned and came back square in the teeth of the rifles, and seizing her dead child in her mouth as a cat does a kitten, raised it fairly clear of the ground and cantered up the hill—no easy matter, as, aside from the 240 pounds of limp and dragging weight, she had to force her anxious, loving way through oak brush which in many instances might have detained a steer. She got fairly away albeit we fired several shots after the cub fell. We had just reloaded the magazine of our Winchesters and were commencing as to taking the trail of the old bear, which showed wide and clear in broken bushes and disturbed oak leaves and pine needles, when looking up we beheld our game coming back straight for us. She meant business, too. Her red and steaming tongue was lolled out of her half open mouth and her eyes partially closed in rage would have seemed quizzical in expression were it not for the ferocity which leaped and flashed in their depths like sheet lightning behind some cloud screen. She came straight to us and we settled her troubles at the first fire. We found the cub up on the divide. She had carried it at least sixty rods, with two bullet holes in her shaggy hide as we found when we skinned her.

A Literary Conversation.

A charming debutante met a distinguished lawyer at a reception and was much flattered when he asked leave to call upon her the next evening.

Bent on making nerself agreeable she consulted with her girl friends respecting his likes and dislikes, his hobbies, etc.

"Oh, I'm nearly scared to death." She confessed to one sympathetic maiden. "They say he's so awfully smart, and I'm certain I won't talk well enough to please him. Now, you've known him a long time. Do tell me what subjects to discuss so I can run home and get ready for him."

"Well," suggested the kind-hearted friend, "literature is his fad, so you can't go wrong if you turn the conversation in that channel." Having secured this valuable information Miss Budd hurried home comforted and devoted the rest of the day to reading.

Promptly at 8 o'clock the young lawyer was ushered in the drawing room, where he found Miss Budd (thoroughly posted in literature) awaiting him.

"Wasn't it a delightful reception we attended last evening?" he asked by way of opening the conversation.

"Oh, yes," was the enthusiastic response, "but wasn't that sad about poor Mary Queen of Scots? They cut her head off, you know."

I regret to state that neither history nor the young lawyer has recorded the rest of this very literary conversation. —Pittsburg Dispatch.

A Chronic Invalid.

Doctor (to former patient)—"Ah, good morning, and how are you?"

Patient—"Oh, I'm still very bad."

Doctor—"How's that? Why you're looking first-rate."

Patient—"Well I do feel a little better-to-day; but I'm such a confounded invalid that I'm always ailing, even when I'm quite well."

The Man Catches It.

"The angels in heaven wear rebos, I believe," remarked Bloobumpor, between the whiffs of his cigar.

"Yes," snapped Mrs. Bloobumper, "and the angels in the other place wear smoking jackets."

THEY BEGIN A NEW CHAPTER

The Hatfield-McCoy Feud Breaks Out Anew and the McCoy Leader is Killed.

THROWN FROM HER HORSE AND DROWNED

Two Lucky Men of Missouri Find an Iron Kettle Filled with Many Thousands of Glittering Gold.

ELKHORN, W. Va., Nov. 4.—Bud McCoy, leader of the notorious McCoys, was killed near Tenne's Camp, Logan county, Friday evening by a man named Dempsey of the Hatfield gang. Other parties are supposed to have assisted in it. The county is wild with excitement and it is believed that Dempsey and his associates will be found and the death of McCoy avenged. There were eighteen bullets found in McCoy's body. McCoy is known to have killed eight men, but he has always escaped punishment.

A Gold Virginia Editor.

WHEELING, W. Va., Nov. 3.—News has just reached here of an affair that occurred in Clarksburg Saturday, which may result in the death of two of the leading men of the state. W. F. Richards, editor of the Clarksburg Telegraph, published in his paper recently an article severely reflecting on the character of Hon. John Basil, one of the most prominent lawyers of the state, chief counsel of the Baltimore and Ohio Railroad company and a leading Democratic politician. Saturday Basil met Richards and shot him, seriously wounding him. Richards returned the fire, wounding Basil, and the latter may die. Richards is chairman of the Republican county committee. The shooting is the result of an old personal feud. This is the third time that Editor Richards has been shot on account of the too free use of his pen.

Cuban Revolutionists.

KEY WEST, Fla., Nov. 1.—Victor Agita, an employe of the Spanish government, was decoyed by two men to the outskirts of the city last Wednesday night, who shot and wounded him, and ordered him to leave the city for Havana under penalty of death. He immediately boarded a departing steamer, but in the meantime the authorities got wind of the affair and arrested the guilty parties and also Agita, whom they held as a witness. Juan Garcia, brother of one of the accused, assaulted the Spanish consul Thursday afternoon on the steps of the latter's office, and but for the interposition of an officer it is believed that the consul would have been murdered. Garcia is now in jail. The Cuban revolutionists in this city are very active and daring just now, and it looks as though they will make trouble in the island before long.

A Steamer Burned.

NEW YORK, Nov. 3.—About 11 o'clock last night a fire was discovered in the hold of the Mallory line steamer, Leona, which arrived at pier 26, North river, from Galveston this morning with 5500 bales of cotton. It was one of the fiercest fires that has been seen in New York for years. The crew were taken off in safety with much difficulty and Capt. Riley, wife and two daughters were only rescued by being removed from the vessel in their night clothes. Ten engines and three fire boats fought the flames, but to no avail and the steamer was burned to the water's edge. The loss on the steamer and cargo is estimated at $600,000.

Proposed Ship Canal.

PITTSBURG, Pa., Oct. 31.—The commission appointed by the state legislature to survey the route and report on the practicability of building a ship canal between Lake Erie and Pittsburg has decided to recommend such an enterprise. The state will in turn probably solicit the aid of the national government in constructing such a waterway. The expense is not estimated, but it is expected to run up into millions. The object is to bring ore vessels down through the lakes and into the manufacturing regions of western Pennsylvania, especially Pittsburg.

Farmers' Alliance Convention.

DES MOINES, Ia., Oct. 30.—The state convention of the Farmers' Alliance met here yesterday with about 600 delegates present and more constantly arriving. President Farrow, in his annual address, said: "Some industrial conditions must be remedied by better farming, others by legislation." He urged the Alliance members to vote together and present a united front against monopolies of the country. The forenoon was taken up with five-minute speeches, in which argument was presented for and against independent political action.

A Georgia Desperado Killed.

ATLANTA, Ga., Oct. 29.—The killing of Bob Redding, the noted negro desperado, in Opelika Monday winds up the history of one of the worst criminal gangs in the south. Redding was born in Georgia, thirty-five years ago and in 1867 began his criminal career in Griffin. His brother Wiley, cousin Emory and aunt, Mandy Dupree, constituted the Redding gang. Bob was arrested in Griffin three months ago with $800 in gold on his person. He escaped and was not again heard of until he was killed in Opelika Monday.

A Jealous Woman's Revenge.

NASHVILLE, Tenn., Nov. 1.—At Bradford mines, eighteen miles from Birmingham, Ala., Thursday night, the wife of John Williams, colored, a miner, shot and instantly killed her husband. They had been married only three weeks, but some attention paid by Williams to another woman so angered his bride that she drew a pistol and shot him through the heart. She placed the pistol to her own head and attempted to shoot herself but was prevented by friends.

Ravished and Murdered.

COLUMBIA, S. C., Nov. 3.—The body of the 16-year-old daughter of G. Westly Honsby, a white farmer living seven miles north of Columbia, was found in a field Sunday afternoon bearing signs of a terrible struggle. The young lady is supposed to have been ravished and murdered. Her throat was cut from ear to ear.

A Young Woman's Love.

WARM SP[illegible] Oct. 30.—Miss Mary Butterworth of Ohio, was yesterday married to Mr. Haughwait Howe of the state department. The marriage was to have taken place to-day. Last Friday Mr. Howe was taken ill at his rooms at the Metropolitan club chambers, and he has since grown rapidly worse. Mr. Howe is suffering from inflammatory rheumatism and pneumonia. His illness has been very much aggravated by distress of mind and disappointment because of his inability to keep his wedding engagement. When Miss Butterworth learned this fact she proposed that all formalities be dispensed with and the wedding ceremony take place at once in Mr. Howe's sick room. The physicians in attendance held a consultation and came to the unanimous decision that the wedding would be the best possible remedy for the patient. The latter received the suggestion with a sigh of relief, and accordingly at 3 o'clock yesterday afternoon a party assembled in the chamber of Mr. Howe, and the marriage ceremony was performed by Rev. Dr. Bartlett of the New York Avenue Presbyterian Church.

WASHINGTON, Oct. 31.—Haughwait Howe, who was married to Miss Butterworth on his sick bed at the request of the young lady, has since died.

A Lucky Find.

KANSAS CITY, Mo., Nov. 4.—On the old Rupert homestead, just west of Argentine, Kan., was found a pot of gold Saturday, and by actual count the pot contained $5000 in coins, ranging from $5 up to $10. John Rupert and James Holloway were excavating for a barn foundation. On the site Rupert's pick struck something hard and a few moments' work disclosed an iron kettle with about five gallons capacity and covered with an iron lid. When the lid was knocked off a shining heap of gold was revealed. There were coins of various values, many of them of dates preceding the Mexican war, and none of them later than 1854. Rupert and Halloway counted up their wealth and found nearly $5000. It is believed that the pot of gold was buried by the owner during the trouble over the border times just preceding the opening of the civil war, and it is probable that the owner was killed.

Crime of a Georgia Brute.

ATLANTA, Ga., Oct. 31.—News of the brutal murder of a young lady has reached here from Rookmart. The victim is Miss Baker. The crime was committed at 1 o'clock Wednesday morning. She was alone in a field where she was at work when she was assaulted and beaten to death. A heavy club was the weapon used by the murderer, and after completing his bloody work the body of the girl was dragged some distance to a spot near the line of the railroad, where an effort was made to hide the crime by concealing the remains in a brush pile. A vigorous search is being made for the perpetrator of the crime, and if found lynching is certain.

An Outbreak Feared.

STANDING ROCK AGENCY, N. D., Oct. 29.—For a few weeks Sitting Bull has been inciting the Sioux Indians in the vicinity to an uprising. He enlisted the sympathies of a large number of bucks by telling them the story of his great bravery on the field of the Custer massacre, and several hundred of them have agreed to go on the war-path at his bidding. The old chiefs, however, several of whom were in the famous campaign on the Little Big Horn, offered strenuous objections, and one of them gave up the plans of the reds to Major McLaughlin, the agent. Sitting Bull has just recovered from a long illness and is very ugly.

A Horse Thief Leader Captured.

KANSAS CITY, Mo., Oct. 29.—Lee Allen, leader of the most notorious band of horse thieves of the Indian Territory, against whom there are over 100 indictments in the state and United States courts, was cornered in Comanche county Sunday by United States officers. He opened fire with his Winchester. His shots were returned and he fell from his horse with both arms broken by a ball from an officer's rifle. He was taken to Paris, Texas. He is said to have killed many men in the last two years, and is under indictment for the murder of two Chickasaw farmers who were pursuing him after a raid.

Thrown from Her Horse and Drowned.

FAYETTEVILLE, Ark., Nov. 4.—Miss Mary Adair, sister of Prof. Adair and one of the most widely known young ladies in northwest Arkansas, was drowned in White river a few days ago. She was crossing the stream on horseback, when the animal took fright and threw her in the water.

To Prevent an Uprising.

DENVER, Col., Nov. 1.—Col. Merriam, commander at Fort Logan, received a dispatch from Washington containing instructions to take steps to prevent the Indian outbreak. Lieutenant Johnson of the seventh infantry, stationed at Fort Logan, has been sent to the front to investigate.

A Rapist Shot to Death.

MACON, Ga., Nov. 1.—Near Valdosta, Loudes county, Thursday afternoon a negro named Palsero committed a brutal assault on Miss Hardee, the daughter of a prominent planter. Last night the negro was taken from the officers by a mob of whites, tied to a tree and shot to death.

Woman Shot and Killed.

SHREVEPORT, La., Nov. 4.—A colored woman named Susie Field was shot and killed in Bossien City yesterday by a colored man named Cyrus Campbell, who was arrested and jail. It was the result of a quarrel between the two.

THE MARKETS.

NEW YORK, Nov. 4.	
COTTON—Middling	9¾
WHEAT—No. 2 red	1 17⅛
CORN—No. 2	60¾
ST. LOUIS.	
COTTON—Middling	9 9-16
WHEAT—No. 2 red	97¾
CORN—No. 2	52¾
CHICAGO.	
CATTLE—Shipping	3 25
HOGS—Good to choice	4 15
SHEEP—Good to choice	4 25
WHEAT—No. 2	1 01½
CORN—No. 2	53½
PORK—New mess	10 00
BACON—Clear rib	5 40
LARD—Prime steam	6 22½
KANSAS CITY.	
CATTLE—Shipping steers	4 30
HOGS—Sales at	4 20
WHEAT—No. 2	12
CORN—No. 2	40¾
NEW ORLEANS.	
COTTON—Middling	9¼
GALVESTON.	
COTTON—Middling	9 9-16
DALLAS.	
Cattle—Common to fair steers	3 75
Hogs—Choice	3 80

TEXAS STATE NEWS NOTES.

Clusters of Crisp Cullings Condensed from Daily Reports.

RACY ROUND-UPS RENDERED READABLE.

A Rare Potpourri of Items of Interest Gathered from Every Portion of the Empire State.

Quanah's building boom is still on.

A new and splendid hotel is to be built at Ennis.

The new opera house at Seymour is now under way.

A new bank building is under contract at Uvalde.

Cotton in Williamson county will soon be gathered.

Bryan now enjoys a successful system of electric lights.

The Wise county Baptist association employs forty pastors.

Work on the $40,000 hotel at Quanah has reached the first story.

The contract for the Greenville electric light plant has been awarded.

The fine school building at Mountain Peak will soon be completed.

The Whitesboro artesian well, coal and gas company has been chartered.

A movement is on foot to open a park in the western part of Gainesville.

The report comes from Grimes county that both cotton and cane are superb.

The woolen mill at Laredo is ready for the machinery, which is now en route.

A gang of thieves are operating in El Paso, and many robberies are reported.

The San Angelo ice factory will be enlarged and a seven-ton machine added.

One hundred and seventy-five students are enrolled in the Long view graded high school.

The new $15,000 hotel at Claude is about completed and will be a splendid structure.

A new iron bridge 125 feet in length has been built across Elm creek, in Maverick county.

The city council of Aransas Pass has voted $15,000 in bonds for street improvements.

An effort is being made by the Methodists of Waxahachie to build a parsonage at that place.

The electric light plant at Terrell is now in full operation and is giving general satisfaction.

The new Methodist church at McGregor is nearly completed and will be ready for occupancy soon.

The cigar factory recently established at Cleburne is now in operation and promises to be a success.

A little son of Sheriff Mason of Greenville was recently attacked by a vicious dog and seriously bitten.

The Hamilton National bank has been authorized to commence business with a capital stock of $50,000.

It is reported from Corpus Christi that the ship channel will be completed to the gulf within ninety days.

The company for publishing the Alliance paper at Dallas, the Mercury, has filed charter at Austin.

G. L. Moorman of Denison, while out hunting a short time ago, fell into a disused well and broke his leg.

Farmers in the vicinity of Claude are busily engaged in sowing wheat, and the acreage will be very large.

Caldwell county farmers have about finished gathering their crops, which turned out to be very short.

The late rain has proven very disastrous to the cotton crop in Grayson county by beating it into the ground.

There has been an abundance of rain in Stephens county, which insures a large wheat acreage for next year.

Cleburne is to have a new bridge across West Buffalo, which will be built by the city and will cost about $2000.

In a runaway accident at Mesquite D. A. Davis was thrown from his wagon and seriously if not fatally injured.

The Sherman, Denison and Dallas railroad is now completed to Sherman, and the first depot is about finished.

A fine specimen of asphaltum has been taken from Post mountain, near Burnet. It is believed to be a paying find.

Lewis McGhee and Charley Hairston got into an altercation at Waco and McGhee was badly cut in the neck.

The heavy rains in Grayson county have been very detrimental to the cotton and also retarded wheat sowing.

Large quantities of pecans are being marketed in Brown county. The crop is large and the nuts unusually fine.

The crops of Hartley county are reported to be in an excellent condition. A great deal of wheat is being sown.

A telephone line from Snyder to Colorado is spoken of and a paper for subscription will be circulated shortly.

F. A. Swinden of Brownwood has in cultivation a pecan orchard containing 11,000 trees and covering 400 acres.

Work will begin at once on the Wolf City iron foundry. The plant is to cost $40,000 and will employ 125 hands.

The bridge being constructed at Quanah over Red river by private enterprise, and costing $11,000, is about completed.

Lint cotton to the amount of $50,000 passed into Mexico through the port of Laredo during the month of September.

A subscribers' branch of the merchants mercantile agency of Chicago has been organized by the business men of Taylor.

The new school house at Mesquite is nearing completion and will be much superior to the one blown down last spring.

The electric street car company of Houston has been granted a free franchise over the streets of that city for twenty-five years.

The Henrietta improvement company is preparing to make extensive improvements in that city during the fall and winter.

In a saloon fight at McKinney Frank McKee was shot through the body by George Howell, from the effects of which he died.

Plans are being drawn up for the erection of a fine stone business house at Quanah to cost in the neighborhood of $15,000.

Recent rains in Cooke county have somewhat retarded wheat sowing. A greatly increased acreage will be sown this year.

The census shows a population of a little over 21,000 for Kaufman county. This is believed to be 5000 short of a full count.

A number of young men of Denison have formed a "tater and 'possum" club. The club will engage in its first hunt in November.

Henry Fuzzle was struck by a passing train on the 'Frisco line, near Paris, recently, and was mutilated almost beyond recognition.

The large ice factory and cold-storage plant at Cleburne is now in operation and is doing a rushing business.

The Whitesboro Cotton Oil company has been chartered with a capital stock of $25,000.

The Texas Land and Cattle company has been chartered with a capital stock of $1,000,000.

The Texas Land and Mortgage company has been chartered with a capital stock of $1,000,000.

The Texas Land and Loan company has been chartered with a capital stock of $1,000,000.

The Texas Land and Improvement company has been chartered with a capital stock of $1,000,000.

The Texas Land and Colonization company has been chartered with a capital stock of $1,000,000.

The Texas Land and Immigration company has been chartered with a capital stock of $1,000,000.

The Texas Land and Trust company has been chartered with a capital stock of $1,000,000.

The Texas Land and Investment company has been chartered with a capital stock of $1,000,000.

The Texas Land and Development company has been chartered with a capital stock of $1,000,000.

The Texas Land and Agency company has been chartered with a capital stock of $1,000,000.

The Texas Land and Real Estate

THE DEMOCRAT

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EDITORIALS.

THURSDAY, NOV. 6, 1890.

To the victor belongs the spoils.

If knowleege is a power, patience is powerful.

All is not lost when a thing goes contrary to you.

There is a breed of dogs in Russia that cannot bark.

You are bound to hate a man who knows you are a liar.

Two-thirds of all the steel made is used for railway lines.

George Bancroft, the venerable historian, is ninety years old.

In 1616 there were only 350 English people in all North America.

Twelve members of the United States senate are natives of New York.

A man's heart is blamed for lots of things for which his liver is responsible.

"Peace we want and peace we will have." On with the "pesseshun."

The colored population is fast learning not to be humbugged.

"Pledging" to party bosses has received its doom in old Collin. Mark it, reader.

The agony is over. Let us work for the best interest of Collin county.

Blessed is the man that expected nothing, for verily he hath not been disappointed.

The education of the public is of prime importance; it is necessary for good government.

The most interesting sugar question is, "How many lumps do you take?"—Philadelphia Press.

The chains of habit are generally too small to be felt until they are too strong to be broken.

Senator Standford says that he came very near being a newspaper man. As it is he is worth but a paltry $100,000,000.

Bill Nye's wisest saying: "Blessed is the who make his mistakes early in life, regrets them, and puts vaseline on the sore places."

There is a great pleasure in showing some other fellow up as a fool. It takes away that lonely feeling, as it were.—Indianapolis Journal.

Autumn is here and the leaves are falling. This is a reminder of the fact that all things when dead and useless, fall. Even corrupt parties will wither and fall before the winds of justice and truth. Let the true principles of independence be upheld.

If there is a city in the world exempt from evils of large population, will some crusader name it for the edification of this people. What cannot be done in other cities cannot be done in Fort Worth. The crusaders should ask St Louis what it signifies to break up public houses and fill a city with occupants of private rooms.—Fort Worth Gazette.

Read and Judge.

We submit the following as a fair sample of political gall which was placed before the public on the eve of the election.

WMS. WARDEN'S ACTION.

By the democratic campaign committee, Tuck Hill, chairman.

Williams Warden's support of Todd, as independent candidate for sheriff, against Phillips, whom he pledged himself in the county convention to support, is a convincing proof that the democracy of the county acted wisely in not trusting him as a "standard bearer." The democracy of Collin county is not hankering after such "standard bearers." Mr. Warden can't explain ont of this by showing that Todd was not a candidate at the time he made the pledge. This very fact would have been an all-sufficient reason for his not supporting his son. Two years ago Mr. W. took the privilege of bolting the ticket, but did not walk rough-shod over any such public pledge as that he is now tramping beneath his feet. Such conduct receives its just reward at the hands of an indignant people.

John Johnson nominated Todd Warden for sheriff as a means of winning "Old Bill" to the mug ticket. Go with them, "Bill," and don't stand on the order of your going. The democratic party can get along without you.

Bro. Williams Warden is working for his son, Todd. Todd is running for sheriff because Daddy Bill got beat in the convention. That is more of John Johnson's gauzy tricking.

If Wms. Warden will wait until there is an aldermanic vacancy in the first ward, he will have another good chance to get left.

Watery Grave.

New York, Oct. 31.—The captain of the steamer Humboldt, from South American ports, who arrived here to-day, reports that at 6 o'clock this morning, 6 miles east of Barnegait, he sighted a wreck and bore down to it. The wrecked vessel proved to be the steamer Vizcaya, which sailed yesterday for Havana. He saw several persons in the riggin, and sent a boat to their rescue. The chief and second officer, surgeon, one engineer and eight of the crew were taken off and brought here. The persons rescued state that on the evening of the 30th inst. at 3 o'clock the steamer was run into by a four-masted coal laden schooner, supposed to be bound northward. Both vessels sank within five minutes. One colored boy was taken ashore by the schooner's boat and landed at Barnegait.

Capt. Cumill of the Vizcaya was drowned, as was also part of her crew, in all about sixty-one persons.

The four passengers of the Vizcaya were also lost. They were a Cuban millionaire, his wife and two children.

The survivers are unable to give the particulars of its collision or its cause.

The Vizcaya belonged to the Spanish line of steamers plying between New York and Havana.

The steamer was bound for Havana, Santiego De Cuba, Colon and other Central American ports, with a general cargo of merchandise. The captain was Francisco Cunill, one of the most experienced and trusted officers of the company. The other officers were first officer Felipe Hazas: second officer, Francisco Covas; third officer, name not known; purser, Senor Deese; doctor, Valdes Rico; chief engineer, Francisco Serra; second engineer, Aguizula. The vessel was staunch and seaworthy and had been entirely renovated and new cabins placed in her a short time ago.

An Asylum Outrage.

Muncie, Oct. 31.—Lottie Johnson, a young woman about twenty-five years of age, who has no home, was admitted to the Delaware county infirmary about four years ago. The girl was healthy in every way except that she was subject to apopletic fits. On the 24th of August last, she was taken to Richmond asylum. She had been there but a short time, when she was discharged as cured. When she returned to the infirmary she complained of being sore, and upon investigation it was found she had been whipped. From head to foot her body was black and blue, covered with running sores. She claims she saw many cases of such treatment while there.

Our Washington Letter.

WASHINGTON, Oct. 29, 1890.

I met a short, heavily built—I should call him fat if it were not for his sacred profession—gentleman this morning, and the cordial smile which illumined his good-naturod well-fed looking face re-called many things pleasurable and otherwise to my mind, and possibly to his also. The gentleman was the Rev. John P. Newman, D.D., whose official title is now, if my memory is correct, Bishop of Omaha. At any rate he is a bishop, and except in height his appearance is just my ideal of a bishop. If any mortal has had his lines cast in pleasanter places than Bishop Newman for the past quarter century I don't know who he is. He first came into national prominence while paston of a Washington church something more than twenty years ago. At that time he was President Grant's spiritual adviser, as well as chief cook and bottle washer of the famous "kitchen cabinet," positions he kept during Gen. Grant's two terms, with the exception of the time spent in making a tour of the world in a government vessel, at government expense, under a commission from Gen. Grant as inspector of United States consulates, a position created for him.

Soon after Gen. Grant retired the "political parson," as his enemies had dubbed Dr. Newman on account of his preaching politics, left Washington for New York, and in no long time he was installed as pastor of a wealthy church in the metropolis. It was from there that he made the longest and most expensive trip ever made by any minister to preach a funeral sermon—going to San Francisco by special train, at the request of Senator Stanford to deliver an oration over the remains of the millionaire's only son. He received a check for $10,000 at the time for his trouble, and it is said that he owes his present position to the Stanford influence.

Bishop Newman has always been thoroughly alive to the benefits to be derived from judicious advertising, and no newspaper man who went to him for information was ever turned away empty-handed; copies of his important sermons were always carefully type written and furnished the press in advance of their delivery, and he was never too busy to look over the proofs; and on several occasions he has been known to write spicy interviews on temporal matters with himself and furnish them to his favorite reporter or newspaper. He is as jovial and companionable a man as one could wish to meet, and it is doubtful if any man ever had more personal friends in Washington than he has had, and still has. He has just returned from official visits to branches of his church in Japan and the Sandwich Islands, and is being wined and dined, particularly the latter, in a manner that must be pleasing to his appetite, which is that of an epicure if not beneficial to his digestive organs Long live the rotund and jolly bishop; and may his shadow never glow less.

Mr. Harrison intended to have gone duck hunting this week, but he has postponed the trip until after the election. A facetious friend told him that he supposed he feared the condition of his nerves might affect his marksmanship.

Mrs. Harrison hopes to be able to spend a few days at her old home in Indianapolis before the social season opens, but she doesn't wish to leave here until the white house is in apple pie condition, that is to say until it dons its winter dress.

Great grasshoppers! No wonder the Farmers' Alliance is kicking up a rumpus in the political world. According to Mr. L. L. Polk, the national president of the order, who has just returned from a trip through the northwestern states it has a membership in thirty-four states of 2,000,000, and expects to add 500,000 more during the next year.

It looked like a re-union of the last administration in the supreme court room Monday, when Mr. Cleveland, Mr. Garland and Mr. Bayard stood in a group, while Justice Lamar looked a smile upon the three ex's. Neither the size of Mr. Cleveland's collar nor waistband has been perceptibly decreased by the joys of private life.

Get a Home.

Get a home, a place where your family can reside, and adorne and make it beautiful; a place where your wife or daughter can plant flowers, feel and know that it is for herself and family and no landlord dare claim a superior right. Where every shade tree that is set out, every fruit that you plant is intended for you and yours to rest beneath its boughs and pluck fruit from its limbs, and where your children play and feel joyful because it is a home. A place where every nail you drive, every board that is fastened on is for you and yours; a place that none dare enter without your consent from which no man can drive you, a home though an humble one, to its owner, paradise, a fortress, a place of pleasure and stronghold Though the acres may be few, yet no rent is to be paid, no moving from year to year. Home is the place of happiness. Let it be a permanent one where the longer you remain the more endeared it becomes to the family. It is the home of the nation that brings forth patriotism. With each fixed home stands linked the love of the country; the desire for its well being and prosperity. It has well and truly been said by an American that the homes of American constitute her standing army.—East Texas Progress.

Snap Shats.

Polly wants to cracker, joke.

The bad boy does not even know how to do nothing.

The summer resorts will now begin to bring forth fruit.

"I am down on him," said the youth's deeply dyed mustache.

The mad man argues with the fool.

The whirlwind does its own reaping.

Silence is golden, but who cares for expenses?

As the barkeeper will tell you, a man may smile and smile and be a villain.

The candidate puts up the drinks and the voter puts them down.

Go to the ant, thou sluggard. Consider her ways and be ashamed of yourself.

You can get much more into a huugry boy than you can get out of him.

It is becoming necessary in modern times to tip not only the waiter, but the proprietor of the restaurant also.

A person's handwriting is said to be an index of his character. This is certainly so in the case of the numskull who is too lazy to write it plain enough to be deciphered.

We are exceedingly anxious to know what the result would be if an artesian well were bored entirely through to China. Which end would be the bottom of the hole? Would such a tunnel let the center of gravity spill out, or would it not? We live in Dallas and are naturally curious about this sort of a hole.

The boarding-house keeper is bothered a great deal by delinquents. If they are turned off what they owe is a dead loss. If they are kept and still decline to pay for their nourishment the concern must go down. The question is, whether a lawyer, a doctor, a preacher or a policeman is to be consulted when one has boarders of this kind. They are worse than sma'lpox with measles on them.

A Letter Which Never Went.

People who think that the country is progressing at a gallop never visit the rural hamlets. I was in a small village in New Hampshire the other week, when a woman came into the postoffice, which was in the back end of a general store. She had a letter in her hand marked "In haste."

"Mr. Stubbs," she said to the postmasters, "won't a cent carry this letter?"

"No, Mrs. Judy."

"Is postage stamps down any?"

"Just the same."

"Will you lick on the stamp?"

"Yes'm."

"Its a letter I've writ to my sister in Massachusets."

"Yes'm."

"There ain't no money in it."

"No'm."

"Its jest fam'ly news, you know."

"Very well."

"Didn't know but it might git open, and so I used paste to stick it."

"Yes'm."

"When will it go out?"

"In the morning."

"An when'll she git it?"

"In two days."

"Will you warrant it?"

"Can't do that, Mrs. Judy?"

"You can't! Then what's the use o' my sending it?"

"Do you wish to send your letter, Mrs. Judy?"

"No! I don't take no chances. She might git, and then again she mought'nt. Samuel is goin' down that way in the spring and can take it himself, and two cents don't grow on every bush. Jim Stubbs!"—New York Sun.

Being a judge gives opportunity for certain grim pleasantries which need not interfere at all with the habitual gravity of the bench.

A hardened criminal, convicted of a grave crime, said to the judge.

"I'm not so bad a man, your honor, as you may think. If you'd only give me time for reflection and repentance"—

"Very well," said the judge: "I'll give you fifteen years!"—Exchange.

They are very proud at Dallas of their artesian well, which is said to be almost a rival of some of the many deep artesian wells we have in Waco. They call it a "geyser," as we do and crowds flock to see it. The highest compliment that has been paid it was by a country man, half cowboy and half farmer. He gazed at it in wonder and exclaimed: 'Well, by jings! danged if I hadn't ruther see that than go to a hanging" What more could be said to express his appreciation?—Waco Day.

Additional Locals.

Real Estate Transfers.

H. K. Thomas and wife to G. W. Wagner, 80 1 2 acres, R. R. Harris survey, $2400.

John T. Caruth and wife to H. K. Thomas, 170 acres, E. Rightman and J. H. Wilson survey, $1700.

Heidenhemer Bros. to A. Heidenheimer, all real estate in Collin and other counties owned by them, $1.00.

Nick Dudley and wife to B. L. Sudiker, lot in Plano, $130.

L. O. Collins and wife to R. P. Bills, 16 3 4 acres, D. W. Williams survey, $90.

J.D. O'Brien to L. N. O'Brien, 45 acres, C. Hart survey, $250.

S. N. O'Brien and wife to Wm. M. Perkins, 45 acres, C. Hart survey, $600.

W. B. Newsome et al. to M. B. Bilyew, 50 acres, S. D. Terry survey, $875.

H. B. Reeves and wife to J. J. Womble, 61 15-100 acres, J. C. Neil survey, $527.

H. B. Reeves and wife to J. Woodall, 50 acres, J. C. Neil survey, $600.

J. C. Shelby and wife to J. R. Cantrell, —acres, J. Douthitt survey, $774.

G. W. Smith to E. A. and G. R. Smith, 1350 acres, Jas. Heffelfinger survey, $1000.

J. H. Nail and wife to E. A. and G. R. Smith, 1350 acres, Jas. Heffelfinger survey, $300.

R. M. Reid and wife to Joel L. Aldridge, 46 acres, Wm. Beverly survey, $2100.

Wm. Cooper to Mattie A. Cooper, — lots in Wylie, $1.00, love and affection.

G. W. Simmons and wife to J. H. Betterton, 24 57-100 acres, M. Birch survey, $147.42.

G. A. Foote to Phillps & Barker, 40 acres, Calvin Boles survey, $400.

G. A. Foote to R. A. Cambell, 40 acres, C. Boles survey, $400.

Heidenheimer Bros. to H. C. Overaker, 1 lot in Plano, $200.

D. M. W. Smith and wife to W. M. C. Griffith, J. W. Butler survey, $937.50.

S. W. Jones and wife to J. E. Webb, lot 5, block 3, Blue Ridge, $325.

J. E. Webb and wife to W. S. Saunders, lot 6, block 3, Blue Ridge, $325.

G. W. Simmons and wife to John Spurgeon, 44 acres, M. Birch survey, $264.

A. Zabel and wife to Wm. Cooper, lots 8 and 9, block 34, town of Wylie, $350.

H. H. Calloway and wife to Wm Cooper, lots 8 and 9, block 34, town of Wylie, $45.

A. Rhine to G. T. Armstrong, 4 acres, R. Sewell survey, $40.

G. A. Armstrong et al. to J. C. Erwin et al., 4 acres, R Sewell survey, $40.

G. A. Armstrong et al. to J. C. Erwin et al., 213 acres, R Sewell survey, $3200.

W. T. Long and wife to J. J. Munday, 76 1-2 acres, R. D. Newman survey, $1530.

J. A. Crump and wife to J. C. Warren, 100 acres, R Sewell survey, $100.

W. M. Sanderson and wife to J. R. Saye, 58 8 9 acres, Ben Clark survey, $1600.

L. T. Robinson and wife to John Cook, 90 acres, W. F. Weeks survey, $2000.

J. L. Lawson and wife to W. N. Johnson, 20 acres, C. T. Clift survey, $400.

J. H. Kemper to R. H. Lee, 21 acres, N. Atterberry survey, $200.

L. E. Sherwood and wife to M. L. Kendall, 3 8 acre, Ed Bradley survey, $250.

M. L. and W. A. Kendall to Mollie Shipley, 3 8 acre, Ed Bradly survey, $300.

R. M. McCarley and wife to J. M. White, 80 acres, Wm. Boren survey, $1600.

A. Frazier and wife to A. H Pollard, 60 acres H. E. Hays survey, $1500.

W. H. McCarley and wife to D. A. McDonald, 108 1-3 acres, Wm. Boren survey, $2800.

A. H. Pollard and wife to A. Frazier, 40 acres, H. E. Hays survey, $1200.

S. J. Dobbs to Mary A. Dobbs, 100 acres, T. A. Rhodes survey, $2500.

John L. Cruce to W. N. Watters, 1 3 of 80 acres, John Phillips survey, $636.

W H Chapman and wife to J E Bunkley, 40 acres, D S Nelson survey, $800.

J E Bunkley and wife to W H Havens, 40 acres, D S Nelson surver, $997.

W H Chapman and wife to W H Havens, 10 acres W H Sankford survey, $25.

A C Worsham and wife to W S Sproles, 83 74 100 acres, Thomas A Rhodes survey, $1275.

Houston & Brown to F M Thompson 9 42-100 acres, F T Duffaw survey, $153.

J P Hunter to Elijah Williams, 15 acres, C T Clift survey, $125.

John Johnson to Elijah Williams, 30 1-3 acres, C T Clift survey, $302.27.

A H Pollard and wife to Aaron Curtis, 5-10 acre, M C Dupsey survey, other lands.

J L Labor and wife to John I Webb, 27 39-100 acres, S M Rainer survey, $450.

J W Jones and wife to S P Jenkins, 25 acres, S M Rainer survey, $875.

T A James and wife to R N Jones & J I Webb, 12-10 acres. S M Rainer survey, $50.

S P Jenkins and wife to Jno I Webb, 25 acres, S M Rainer survey, $706.

D A McDonald and wife to W H McCarley, 1-2 of 111 2 3 acres, Wm Boren survey, $1000.

W H McCarley and wife to J H Akin, 50 1-2 acres, Wm Boren survey, $1000.

J C J McFerren and wife to J H Johnson, 53 acres, James Fisher survey, $500.

L Wilson and wife to A J Parish, 90 59-100 acres, J R Saragent et al, survey $2500.

J W Soloman and wife to Wm Press, 85 acres, John Michelbarrough, Sr., $1700.

M A Jacobs and wife to J H Warren, 50 1 3 acres, M. R. Roberts survey, $1250.

W D Cain and wife to G Borchardt, 66 acres, M R Foster survey, $1190.

W E St. Clair and wife to A R Womble, 154 acres, J C Neil survey, $2217.60.

Program

For the Woman's Home and Foreign Missionary society of the C. P. church Sunday eve at 7:30 o'clock, Nov. 9:

1. Song.
2. Scripture Reading—Mrs Galbraith.
3. Prayer—Rev. Mr. Milster.
4. Song.
5. Secretary's report—Miss Alice Thomas.
6. Treasurer's report—Mrs. Florence Perkins.
7. Song.
8. Essay, "Consecration"—Mrs. M. B. Seay.

Duet, vocal—Mrs. B. W. Rhine and Miss Alice Thomas.

10. Recitation, "Christ at the treasury"—Miss Coppie Hamor.
11. Song.
12. Essay "Woman in missions"—Miss Emma Webster.
13. Song.
14. Address—Mrs. S. L. Trumbull.
15. Solo, instrumental—Miss Sara Thomas.

Walter Kincolving, who formerly worked in this office but for several months past living in Decatur, is in the city.

McKinney & Wood have opened up a large saddle and harness house in McKinney.

Judge E. C. Heath of Rockwall, prohibition candidate for governor, spoke to a fair-sized and enthusiastic audience last Monday night. The judge is a good speaker and seems to be earnest in his work.

A Call.

McKinney, Tex., Nov. 4, 18[illegible]

The stockholders of the Collin County Alliance Mill Association are requested to meet in McKinney on Monday, Nov. 17. Business of importance demands your attendance. Do not fail to come.

Done by order of the board of directors.

W. H. BURGER, President.

The election is over. Now let us build hitching racks.

PRESTON'S HEDAKE CURES ANY HEADACHE "While You Wait," BUT CURES NOTHING ELSE.

GOOD GOODS CHEAP

Biggs & Andrews.

NEW FIRM. NEW GOODS

—AND—

Courteous Attention.

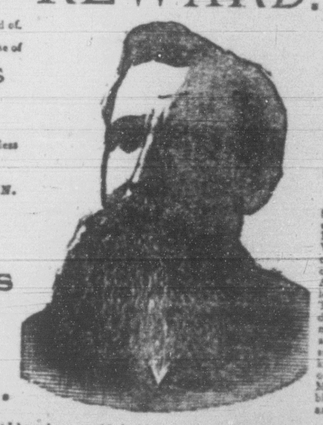
Goods delivered free. No. 9 South Tennessee street, posite Bradley & McIver's Barber Shop, McKinney, Tex.

$100 REWARD. $100

I will give the reward of offered above for one case of PILES That I cannot cure,

Treatment almost painless and they will NEVER RETURN.

I also Cure POLYPUS FISSURE AND FISTULA.



And if you have two or three of following symptoms you have

Rectal Ulcer and must be [illegible] ly treated as [illegible] would for acute the band.

SYMPTOMS

Weak back and [illegible] Sick headache, [illegible] constipation, [illegible] Diarrhea Hemorrhoids Womb trouble [illegible] charge of Mucus [illegible] or blind, [illegible] Anus, Creeping [illegible] legs, nervousness [illegible] Tongue, heavy [illegible] down and a desire [illegible] pain long at [illegible] arch Hacking cough [illegible] sumption, Kidney [illegible] kidney trouble [illegible] cred complaints, [illegible] Memory Pain in [illegible] blades Great [illegible] and general debility.

This is to certify that I have been troubled with ulcers and piles a good many years and have been greatly relieved by Dr. Reedy's treatment.—R. Rombach

Paris, Texas, May 20 1889.—I am 59 years old. Been afflicted ever since '65 with piles, fistula and rectal ulcer. Tried all the Doctors from Birmingham to Philadelphia. Took treatment under Dr. Reedy last June. My piles are cured, and I get more relief from him than all the rest of the Doctors combined, and I give this statement that the suffering may know that there is relief to be found.—J. S. Bonham Texas Jan. 6 1890.—I want suffering humanity to know that two of my dear family and myself have been rescued from suffering and death by the treatment of Dr. T. C. Reedy, and I am only one of many and by suffering humanity to make this statement.—J. S Bryan.

James T Francis, Paris, Texas, says: "I owe my existence on earth today to the treatment of Dr. Reedy, of Bonham.

Bonham, Texas, January, 4 1890.—I have suffered with piles so badly that in plowing my horse would run full of blood. I also suffered to that extent from rectal ulcer that I thought my days were numbered. I tried many Doctors but they knew nothing of my case. I was cured by Dr. T. C. Reedy and sent him to the [illegible]ering.—N. L. Chapman.

R. A. Hoe, of Atlas, Lamar county, says: "For 30 or 40 years I have suffered from piles so badly that I had to push them back at stool. I also had rectal ulcers. My piles are entirely well and I feel a new lease on my life. I recommend Dr. Reedy to all who are suffering from rectal troubles."

Hon. J. W. Throckmorten, of McKinney says: "I was cured of the piles and ulceration of the bowels by the Reedy treatment. It is attendant with but little pain. The best treatment that has come under my observation."

Mr P. H. Digby of Petty says: I would not take ten thousand dollars for the good Dr. Reedy has done me.

W. D Balthrope, of Bonham says: "I am at loss to know how to express my gratitude to God and to T C Reedy for the inexpressible amount of good done me in my declining years by his treatment. I feel as lively and as well as I ever did in my young days. I am now 65. My trouble was blood in the lower bowels."

Israel Tenney of Bonham says: "I deem it just and right to T C. Reedy and suffering humanity to state that I have been for fourteen years, a great sufferer from piles and rectal ulcer, I became so bad that I was unable to perform manual labor. My first treatment was December 28, 1889, and the 28th of January 1890, and I am happy to state that I am sound and well and would not take a thousand dollars for the good that T. C. Reedy has done me. I think he has one of the best remedies on earth.

DR. T. C. REEDY, BONHAM, TEXAS,

where I may be found every Saturday. Will be pleased to consult with those suffering from Hernia or Rupture, as I know of a positive cure. No cure no pay; and no pay until cured.

Noney to Loan

ABSTRACTS OF TITLE FURNISHED

Money at the lowest rate of interest, and on long or short time. Interest annually or semi-annually. I have the only complete abstract books in Collin county, showing all transfers from the time the land was patented by the state of Texas to the present owner. When contracted for, a McKinney attorney will give a legal opinion on all abstracts furnished by me. Parties wishing a $1000 loan or more will act greatly to their own interest by securing the loan and abstract through me.

Respectfully,

M. H. BYRNE,
Of the Collin County Abstract Company.

THE GREAT

CONCHO VALLEY FAIR

WILL BE HELD AT

San Angelo, Tex., Nov. 6 to Nov. 12, 189[illegible]

Take advantage of cheap excursion rates to see this magnificent exposition and beautiful Concho country. We have the best mile track in the state, and can promise you some fine racing. Will have a great many attractions among them some exciting roping contests between the champion experts of the state. The Santa Fe railroad will sell round trip tickets for $3 00 from any point on their line in Texas, and the other principal roads will sell at one fair for round trip to Santa Fe points. For further information address.

CHAS. F. POTTER, Secretary. ED DUGGAN, President.

Money, Money, Money

J. S. JENKINS has been making loans in Collin county for nine years, and he wishes to say to his customers and others, that he can make choice loans at nine per cent interest. No commissions. No attorney's fees. You get the amount you contract for. Office over H. C. Herndon's dry goods store. $10,000 to loan on good personal security

P. Emerson, President, T.T. Emerson, Vice-Pres't, T. H. Emerson, Cashier

First National Bank

Of McKinney, Texas.

Capital and Surplus, - - $125,000

Buys and sells exchange on the principal cities in Europe. First-class paper discounted.

DIRECTORS: Francis Emerson, T. T. Emerson, T. H. Emerson, Jno. L. Loveloy, C. H. Welch.

Business Hours—9 a. m. to 4 p. m.

THURSDAY, Nov. 6, 1890.

LOCAL NEWS.

The sidewalks indifferent portions of McKinney are badly in need of repair.

For bargains in saddles and harness call on McKinney & Wood, next to J. P. Dowell's on East Louisiana street.

A servant house belonging to M. Aron caught fire last Wednesday morning and burned down.

Wiseman—Dry Goods,
Wiseman—dress goods.
wiseman—west Louisiana street; dry goods.

Next Sunday is communion day at the C. P. church. All the members are requested to be present.

Smart weed and Belladonna combined with the other ingredients used in the best porous plasters, make Carter's S. W. & B. Backache Plasters, the best in the market. Price 25 cents.

It is said that we will have an artesan well in McKinney. Greenville, you had better get a move on yourself.

Are free from all crude and irritating matter. Concentrated medicine only. Carter's Little Liver Pills. Very small; very easy to take; no pain; no griping; no purging. Try them.

Wiseman—hats, boots and shoes.
Wiseman—blankets.
Wiseman—dry goods and clothing.

Ah! why did the electric lights go out so early last Monday night?

If you had taken two of Carter's Little Liver Pills before retiring you would not have had that coated tongue or bad taste in the mouth this morning. Keep a vial with you for occasional use.

Next Sunday will be "ingathering day" at the C. P. church. Public corcially invited. The new choir and orchestra will be an interesting feature in the services.

Bucklen's Arnica Salve.

The Best Salve in the world for cuts, bruisks sores, ulcers, salt rheum, fever sores, tetter, chapped hands, chidblains, corns and all skin eruptions and Positively cures Piles, or no money required. It is guaranteed to gile perfect satisfaction, or money refunded. Price 25 cents per box. For Sale By E N McAULAY and Bro.

Many old soldiers, who contracted chronic diarrhœa while in the service, have since been permanently cured of it by Chamberlain's Colic, Cholera and Diarrhœa Remedy. For sale by Bristol Bros.

Over $150,000 paid by the consumer in Texas alone last year, for Cheatham's Chill Tonic. we offer you this year Cheatham's Tasteless Chill Tonic for the same price, 75 cents per bottle. It is identically the same with the exception of taste. It is so improved you wouldn't recognize it, but its qualities are unimpaired. Guaranteed to cure. Try a bottle and be convinced.

Dr. A. w. Acheson, republican candidate for congress, spoke to a good sized audience at the court house last Saturday night. His speech was highly appreciated by those present, being void of all abuse of the opposition, and a clear statement of the speaker's views which were in favor of American protection.

Preston's "Hed-Ake"

Judge J. H. McLeary, ex-Att'y Gen'l of Texas and Past Grand Master of Masons, says: "It (Hed-Ake) is the best medicine for headache I ever saw." Cures any headache. For sale all druggists, 50c.

Wiseman—Carpets.
Wiseman—Dress goods.
Wiseman—Trunks.

IF YOUR BACK ACHES,
Or you are all worn out, really good for nothing, it is general debility. Try
BROWN'S IRON BITTERS.
It will cure you, cleanse your liver, and give a good appetite.

A Runaway.

Last Saturday evening a horse ran away with a buggy containing Miss Minnie Rexrode and a Miss Love. The horse ran by the southwest corner of the square at which place the buggy turned over and was dragged about seventy five yards west on Louisiana street when the horse was stopped. Miss Rexrode sustained slight injuries, otherwise no damage was done.

Eczema, ringworm and tetter are all disagreeable companions9 and the source of much annoyance. Hunt's Cure cures them all. Guaranteed.

Let the eagle of liberty soar, with politics interfere with business.

Partial Election Returns.

The following is a very incomplete statement of the votes cast in Collin county. After revising the result we will give a full report next issue. A rough estimate places Phillips 60 votes ahead of Warden for sheriff which may be changed by the official canvass:

For the Amendment to Article ten Section two of the Constitution, relating to Railroads.

Against the Amendment to Article ten Section two of the Constitution, relating to Railroads.

For the Amendment to Section 9, of Article 8, of the Constitution.

Against the Amendment to Section 9, of Article 8, of the Constitution.

For Governor

Hogg
Flanagan
Heath

For Lieutenant Governor

Pendleton
Makemson
Thompson

For Attorney General

Culberson
Hague
Goff

For Comptroller

McCall.
Westhoff
Mullins

For State Treasurer.

Wortham
Schmitz
Jackson

For Land Commissioner

McGaughey
McDowell
Tomlinson

For Supt. Public Instruction

Pritchetts
Lindner
Clark

For Congress of Fifth District

Bailey	3316
Acheson	427
Lamb	281
Bailey's plurality	2608

For Judge of 15th Judicial District

Muse	3742
Bliss	1743
Muse's majority	1899

For Senator 17th District

Finch	2733
Wright	1827
Finch's majority	906

For Representative of 29th District

Doggett	2633
McGee	1615
Hays	279
Doggett's plurality	739

For Representative of 28th District

Gough	2784
Allison	1421
Abel	483
Gough's plurality	880

For County Judge

Abernathy	2978
Rollins	1815
Abernathy's majority	1163

For County Attorney

Smith

For County Treasurer

Taylor	2991
Barron	1591
Taylor's majority	1400

For Tax Collector

McKinney	3057
Brummett	1826
McKinney's Majority	1231

For Sheriff

Warden
Phillips

Phillips' majority

For County Clerk

Keen

For District Clerk.

Jones

For Tax-Assessor

McLarry	2908
Bateman	1648
McLarry's majority	1260

For County Surveyor

Clardy

For County Superintendent Public Instruction.

Coleman	2523
Guyer	1098
Coleman's majority	1425

For County Commissioner District No. 1

Fox

For Justice o' the Peace Precinct No. 2

Andrews
Snider

Andrews' majority

For Constable Precinc No 2

Herndon	957
Clardy	937
Herndon's majority	20

Election Notes.

George Henry Herndon got there, all the same.

And what do you think of precinct No. 1? She is getting to be a daisy—that is, very independent.

Todd, shake old boy. You did well.

Our rooster is very sick, but will likely be in good fighting trim by 1892.

The election is over and we bear no malice against any one. To be otherwise would be unmanly, un-American.

Wm. Duncan, a substantial republican, carried Rhea's Mill by one majority, for constable for precinct No. 6.

Let not politics interfere with business.

Suicide.

Last Sunday evening at 6 o'clock the citizens of McKinney were startled by the report that Dr. O. M. Calhoun had suicided in his office in the Johnson block. When found his office door had to be forced open, it having been propped with a chair on the inside. The doctor had left home about 11 o'clock a. m., saying that he was going to his office to take a rest. When found he was lying on the floor cold in death. On examination it was found that he had injected cocaine into his arm with the evident intention of committing suicide. We learn that the doctor was a victim to cocaine, eating which proved injurious to his mind, so much so that he left several months ago for Missouri to regain his health. He returned and his friends thought him to be much better. They were disappointed, however, for the sad story of his death revealed the fact that his physical condition was unbearable to him. The doctor was an honorable man and had many warm friends in McKinney which was attested by the large concourse of friends which followed the remains to the last resting place last Tuesday evening.

Eupepsy.

This is what you ought to have, in fact, you must have it, to fully enjoy life. Thousands are searching for it daily, and mourning because they find it not. Thousands upon thousands of dollars are spent annually by our people in the hope that they may attain this boon. And yet it may be had by all. We guarantee that Electric Bitters, if used according to directions and the use persisted in, will bring you good digestion and oust the demon dyspepsia and install instead Eupepsy. We recommend Electric Bitters for Dyspepsia and all diseases of liver, stomach and kidneys Sold at 50c and $1 per bottle, by E. N. McAuley & Bro., druggists.

Dr. T. C. Reedy of Bonham is having great success in treating patients in this city. He will be here on Tuesday and Wednesday, the 18th and 19th of this month. He will put up at the Jennings hotel, at which place he invites patients to call.

Deafness Can't Be Cured

By local applications, as they cannot reach the diseased portion of the ear, there is only one way to cure Deafness and that is by constitutional remedies. Deafness is caused by an inflamed condition of the mucous lining of the Eustachian Tube. When this tube gets inflamed you have a rumbling sound or imperfect hearing, and when it is entirely closed Deafness is the result, and unless the inflammation can be taken out and this tube restored to its normal condition, hearing will be destroyed for ever; nine cases out of ten are caused by catarrh, which is but an inflamed condition of mucous surfaces.

We will give One Hundred Dollars for any case of Deafness (caused by Catarrh) that we cannot cure by taking Hall's Catarrh Cure. Send for circulars free.

F. J. CHENEY & CO., Toledo, O.
Sold by Druggists, 75c.

For Rent or Sale.

I offer my two story brick business house either for rent or sale; lower story is being used for millinery business, upper story well arranged for a family, or nice business offices; good water and elevator for convenience of building. For terms, apply to

MRS. FANNIE JOHNSON,
McKinney, Collin Co., Tex.

For lame back there is nothing better than to saturate a flannel cloth with Chamberlain's Pain Balm and bind it on the affected parts. Try it and you will be surprised at the prompt relief it affords. The same treatment will cure rheumatism. For sale by Bristol Bros.

John Y. Bowen ran ahead of Hogg. He got the entire 155 votes cast at Copeville. No other candidate did that well. Hurrah for John Y.

For Seven Long Years.

I suffered untold agonies with my left leg which was afflicted with a large ulcer that eat away the flesh, leaving the bone visible, which was attended by the most excruciating pain; so great was the pain that I was forced to take six grains of morphine daily. I was induced to try Dr. Thurmond's Lone Star Blood Syrup and after taking nine bottles I can say I am entirely cured, am 65 years old and weigh 177 pounds to-day.—William Curry, Gainesville, Texas.

A fifteen year old son of Mr. Pistow who lives two miles west of town accidentally shot his left hand with a pistol this morning. The ball passed entirely through the palm of his hand.

Wiseman—blankets,
trunks,
hats, hats, hats.

The Situation.

The state and congressional election last Tuesday was a Waterloo to the republicans in nearly every instance.

The present indications are that the lower branch of the next congress will have a republican majority of about 40 or 50.

There is no doubt but what bossism in the republican party has received a severe rebuke especially in the state of Pennsylvania, the home of Senator Quay.

The Alliance has cut a considerable figure in Kansas, Nebraska and other states. In regard to this organization the St. Louis Globe Democrat says: "Even in Republican states the Farmers' Alliance has became a factor of sufficient importance to be taken into the calculations of the party managers. The result in Kansas shows this fact conclusively."

Again that journal says "the Farmers' Alliance has loomed up into much greater prominence than the prohibitionists ever attained. None of the minor parties except the old Know-Nothing organization has ever shown such potency in the country as a whole as the Alliance has shown this year."

In regard to the local election the figures justify the fact that the independent movement has not received a defeat entirely satisfactory to the opposition. The independents, notwithstanding the vote of the county fell short about 1000 votes, have made decided gains; especially is this so at the McKinney box. The gallant race made by Todd Warden is especially worthy of notice. Almost everything was brought to bear in order to pull Mr. Phillips through. How well they succeeded, a glance at the vote will answer in no uncertain tone. The independent candidates had no nominations to back them, no noted speakers to enter the field in their favor, no money to hire brass bands and to pay for torchlight processions, etc., yet they did nobly and we heartily congratulate them, for the result surely means the dawning of a new political morn. which means liberty of thought and moral action.

Your funeral will be preached by those who have been in the business for the last ten years. You will be pronounced dead, DEAD, but all the time that you are being maligned, read out of the party, etc., noble ideas, void of all prejudice, will vibrate in yours minds which will fly through the open door across the flowery field of investigation.

Be independent.

Don't forget the place where you can get more goods in the house-keeping line for your money than any other place in North Texas, at Nale & Dies', Mountcastle's old stand northeast corner square.

Nale & Dies sell furniture, stoves, queensware, tin and glassware, table and pocket cutlery, clocks, guns, etc., and in fact we can and will sell you a complete house keeping outfit for less money than any other house in North Texas, northeast corner of square, at Mountcastle's old stand.

On Wednesday morning at 2 o'clock a fire broke out in the Cason hotel at Farmersville. The fire spread rapidly and burned eleven buildings, including several business frame structures belonging to several parties. Loss, including both buildings and contents, about $10,000.

Some "scrapping" was done on the square yesterday. Joe Rambo and Constable Dixon of Blue Ridge had a short round and two darkies fought, without serious results.

McKinney, Nov. 6.—The St. Paul alliance gin caught fire from an engine this evening and was entirely consumed. Only a few bales of cotton were burned.

A light vote was polled at Farmersville.

Political eyes seem to be numerous.

"McGinty" went down.

We still retain our liberty.

Orange Blossoms.

PARKER-MEADOR.

On the 21st of this month our young townsman, Dr. G. D. Parker was happily married to Miss Cora P. Meador, at Beuleyville, Ky., where she lived with her parents. The young couple left immediately for the far-away Texas home of the groom where an elegant reception was given by the parents of the groom on the 24th, the eveuing of their arrival here. We join the many friends of the Doctor in welcoming his pretty bride into our midst and wishing for them the sweetest joys of life. Below is a list of presents:

Handsome bible, mr and mrs w c parker; handsome rocker, mr and mrs j p crouch; water set, mr and mrs j p dowell; table cloth and napkins mr and mrs ben w rhine; table cloth and napkins, mr and mrs t c perry; pair of fine towels, mrs h a m'donald; silver castor g f matthews; card receiver, dr h l pearson and wife; berry spoon, mrs b hatcher; silver berry bowl, mrs pennington; pair lace curtains, g d galloway; two hand-painted throes, miss ira crouch of ky; handsome swinging lamp, w w m'dowell, handsome cane rocker, mr and mrs tom dies; plush colar and cuff box, dr j a caldwell; pitcher mixed pickles, fox & love; handsome stand lamp, bristol brothers; handsome water set, lawrence berry; silver pickle stand, jesse and hallie atkinson; handsome cake stand, andrew atkinson and lady, silver butter knife mr and mrs w j piggott; silver berry spoon, j g matthews and lady; fancy mirror, mr and mrs r l parker; silver pickle stand, r r parker; silver set tea and sugar spoons, dick and cebe houston; berry bowl, judge t c goodner and lady; set silver knives and forks, a l cole and wife; silver pickle stand, miss miss ada oates, Paris; silver sugar bowl and cream pitcher, "mama," mrs h e basham; set silver knives and forks, a j and c w adams; silver ladle, miss ida jennings; fruit basket, messrs rogers & m'mullen; fruit stand, j b ingram and lady; napkin rings, mr and mrs o anderson, silver card receiver, drs gibson, erwin and hill; silver syrup stand, miss lucy frank; handsome card receiver s e m'chesney; silver spoonholder, miss nettia meador; silver napkin rings, j c coleman; silver pickle stand, mr and mrs e j parker; bronze vases, dr j o mathews and lady, Howe, Tex., silver pickle stand, t j melton and lady; silver butter dish, Drs. Bates and Douglass, Van Alstyne; cane rocking chair, j. p. Crouch and lady; silver caster, G. F. Mathews.

Preston's "Hed-Ake."

Hon. W. H. Crain, member of Congress from Texas, writes: "It affords me pleasure to add my testimony to that of hundreds who have experienced relief by the use of your wonderful "Hed-Ake." Cures in fifteen minutes. For sale all druggists, 50c.

New Saddle and Harness House.

McKinney & Wood have opened up a large saddle and harness house on East Louisiana street. Their goods are new and of the best quality and they propose to sell the same cheap. Call and examine their stock.

Smith Bros.

Keep on hand fresh drugs, patent medicines of all kinds. Also toilet articles of any description; in fact, everything in the drug line. Call and see hem, east side of the square.

Wiseman Clothing, dry goods, trimmings, dress goods.

Mr. I P. Payne of Rhea's Mill community brought to this office a few days ago a turnip which measured 20 3-8 inches in circumference.

ONE ENJOYS

Both the method and results when Syrup of Figs is taken; it is pleasant and refreshing to the taste, and acts gently yet promptly on the Kidneys, Liver and Bowels, cleanses the system effectually, dispels colds, headaches and fevers and cures habitual constipation. Syrup of Figs is the only remedy of its kind ever produced, pleasing to the taste and acceptable to the stomach, prompt in its action and truly beneficial in its effects, prepared only from the most healthy and agreeable substances, its many excellent qualities commend it to all and have made it the most popular remedy known.

Syrup of Figs is for sale in 50c and $1 bottles by all leading druggists. Any reliable druggist who may not have it on hand will procure it promptly for any one who wishes to try it. Do not accept any substitute.

CALIFORNIA FIG SYRUP CO.
SAN FRANCISCO, CAL.
LOUISVILLE, KY. NEW YORK, N.Y.

An honest Swede tells his story in plain but unmistakable language for the benefit of the public: "One of my children took a severe cold and got the croup. I gave her a teaspoonful of Chamberlain's Cough Remedy, and in five minutes later I gave her one more. By this time she had to cough up the phlegm and the croup. Then she went to sleep and slept good for fifteen minutes. Then she got up and vomited; then she went back to bed and slept good for the remainder of the night. She got the croup the second night and I gave the same remedy with the same good results. I write this because I thought there might be some one in the same need and not know the true merits of this wonderful medicine." Chas. A. Thompseen, Des Moines, Iowa. 50 cent bottles for sale by Bristol Bros.

The Bastile.

See what the Galveston papers have to say regarding the performance of the "Bastile, or Woman's devotion," as presented by the Stuttz New York Theater company:

"The Bastile, or A Woman's Devotion," as presented by the Stuttz New York Theater company, is a fine production, typifying French life before the great revolution. J. G. Stuttz in the leading character of Maurice Bertrand has no peer on the American stage, while his wife, Elloda Alma Stuttz, in the role of Fleurete, gives her precedence as the leading soubrette of the day. Miss Mary King as Marguerite Lucot, is one of the finest melodramists in this country.

The Stutts company is a strong one and should be received with full houses wherever they may present themselves.

The above company will present the same play at the McKinney opera house, Monday, Nov. 10. Sesure seats early.

Miss Sallie Johnson of Lebanon is visiting the family of Prof. T. A. Coleman in this city.

For any disease arising from impure blood take Dr. Thurmond's Lone Star Blood Syrup, the greatest blood medicine on earth.

The best and cheapest goods can be found at the Racket store. They are closing out.

Sugar Chill Cure is as sweet as sugar; children cry for it; don't fail to try it. A sure cure.

For cheap goods call at the Racket store, which is fast closing out its stock of nice goods.

Try Sugar Chill Cure, sold on a guarantee, the only chill medicine on the market that is perfectly tasteless. Call on your druggist for it.

Closing out sale will commence at once at the Racket store.

E. C. Kitchen of Brownwood, Texas, says: "I would not take $1,000 for what Dr. Thurmond Catarrh Cure did for me."

A Message.

To the Members of the Farmers' Alliance—Greeting:

Whereas, the condition of the order demands my personal attention, and constant services in the field as a lecturer, hence it is impossible for me to keep up with my office work, therefore, answering correspondence has been and will continue to be irregular and delayed so long as the present condition continues. When delays occur you may rest assured that it is caused by my absence from my office while in the field as a lecturer. Therefore, I would recommend to County Farmers' Alliances that you settle all questions of a local nature among yourselves, and in the absence of law, always deal honestly, kindly and justly toward each other, basing your actions on our declaration of purposes, whose cardinal doctrines inspire purity of thought and life; whose intention "peace on earth and good will toward all mankind."

During the past month I have traveled and delived twenty-five lectures, and I consider the outlook for a general revival of our order very hopeful indeed. May God speed the day.

Yours faithfully and fraternally, EVAN JONES.

Lost—a fine large case of the ills supposed to have been carried off by Cheatham's Tasteless Chill Tonic. No reward offered. It's gone for good.

Wiseman Clothing.
Wiseman—boots and shoes.

Highest of all in Leavening Power.—U. S. Gov't Report, Aug. 17, 1889.

Royal Baking Powder

ABSOLUTELY PURE

Pronounced Hopeless; Yet Saved.

From a letter written by Mrs. Ada E. Hurd of Gordon, S. D., we quote: "Was taken with a bad cold, which settled on my lungs, cough set in and finally terminated in consumption. I gave myself up to my Saviour, determined if I could not stay with my friends on earth, I would meet my absent ones above. My husband was advised to get Dr. King's Discovery for consumption, coughs, and colds. I gave it a trial, took in all eight bottles; it has cured me and thank God I am now a well and hearty woman." Trial bottles free at E. N. McAuley & Bro.'s, druggists; regular size, 50 cents and $1.

A Theatrical Event.

Will be the Stuttz company at the McKinney opera house, which commences Monday, Nov. 10. "The Bastile, or Woman's Devotion" is to be the opening play. There will be a change of bill nightly, and a grand family matinee Saturday afternoon. The company is first-class in every respect, carrying special scenery for all plays presented and the costumes used by them is the finest used by any company. Secure seats early for they never fail to play to crowded houses.

Lost his grippe—the man who took Cheatham's Tasteless Chill Tonic, but ain't kicked and says it's a Lulu—Cheatham's Tasteless.

For Malaria, Liver Trouble, or Indigestion, use BROWN'S IRON BITTERS

Stuttz Theater company at the McKinney opera house Nov. 10, 11 and 12. It is a first-class company and always gives perfect satisfaction. The demand for seats is already quite brisk.

Confirmed.

The favorable impression produced on the first appearance of the agreeable liquid fruit remedy, Syrup of Figs a few years ago has been more than confirmed by the pleasant experience of all who have used it, and the success of the proprietors and manufacturers, the California Fig Syrup Company.

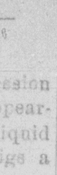
Mrs. Fannie Johnson has secured the services of a competent trimmer from St. Louis and invites her friends and customers to call and see specimens of her work.

We have met the enemy and we are "them."

It is claimed that there were not 400 "straight" democratic votes cast at the McKinney box. People are getting very independent.

Geo. Henry Herndon went flying.

Last Tuesday was a lovely, sunshiny day and the people appeared to be in a jolly good mood. The election passed off quietly.



CURE

SICK

HEAD

ACHE

The farmers' alliance gets there all the same. They will have a fair representation in the next congress.

Let us have peace—Simonpure; well, have you not got it?

A gentleman who assisted in counting the votes at the McKinney box, says he never before saw such mixed voting—every fellow voting to suit himself no doubt caused it—a slight display of independence, for instance.

Notice.

Men's clothing made, cleaned and repaired. Coat-binding a specialty. All work done promptly and satisfaction guaranteed. Place of business over Shain's grocery store.

Respectfully,
MRS. SALLIE DOUGLASS.

Peach Seed Wanted.

Good sound peach seed, new or old, at one dollar per bushel delivered.

E. W. KIRKPATRICK,
McKinney Texas.

Drunkenness—Liquor Habit—

In all the World There is But One Cure,

DR. HAINES' GOLDEN SPECIFIC.

It can be given in a cup of tea or coffee without the knowledge of the person taking it, effecting a speedy and permanent cure, whether the patient is a moderate drinker or an alcoholic wreck. Thousands of drunkards have been cured who have taken the Golden Specific in their coffee, without their knowledge, and to-day believe they quit drinking of their own free will. No harmful effect results from its administration. Cures guaranteed. Send for circulars and full particulars. Address in confidence, GOLDEN SPECIFIC Co., 185 Race street, Cincinnati O

Ladies, be Beautiful.

OF INTEREST TO ALL WOMEN.

Mme. A. May's Skin Bleach is positively superior to all others; is the latest and best ever offered for sale; not a cosmetic; does not show on the face; is a perfect skin tonic; guaranteed to remove the worst cases of Freckles, Liver Spots, Tan, Pimples, etc. (if used with my soap according to directions), or money refunded. $1 per bottle; 3 bottles, $2.75. Pure and harmless to the skin.

Mme. May's Hair Bleach is perfectly harmless to the hair or person using it. Can be taken in the mouth, it is so pure. One bottle sufficient to golden a dark suit of hair. Price, $1 per bottle.

Superfluous Hairs removed in a few minutes without pain or injury to the most delicate skin. Anyone can use it. $1 per bottle.

Hairy moles removed. All kinds of Scars or Birthmarks removed or reduced; and Blemishes of every kind upon the face treated with some success.

Mme. has half preparations, fine soaps and superb face powder.

N. B.—The discoverer and manufacturer of the Skin Bleach has been known to us for many years. She is a lady of the highest respectability, and her statements are entirely trustworthy.

A. A. WILLITS,
Pastor Warren Memorial Pres. Church.
E. T. POWELL,
W. H. BARTHOLOMEW,
Principal Female High School.

Address, MADAME A. MAY,
407 Fourth Avenue, Louisville, Ky.
Send stamp for circulars. Orders promptly filled, Mention this paper.

HONEST WORK.

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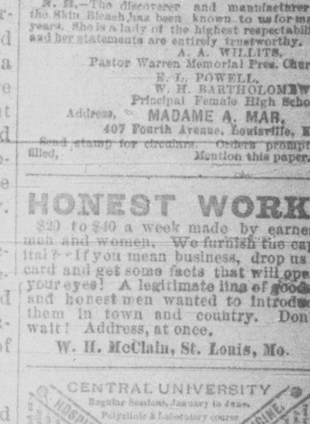

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A signal service to weak womankind is the finding of lost health—the building-up of "a run-down" system. Nothing does it so surely as Dr. Pierce's Favorite Prescription. It cures all the derangements, irregularities and weaknesses peculiar to the sex. It's the most perfect of strength-givers, imparting tone and vigor to the whole system. For overworked, debilitated teachers, milliners, seamstresses, "shop-girls," nursing mothers, and feeble women generally, it is the greatest earthly boon, being unequaled as an appetizing cordial and restorative tonic.

"Favorite Prescription" gives satisfaction in every case, or money paid for it is promptly refunded. That's the way it is sold; that's the way its makers prove their faith in it. Contains no alcohol to inebriate; no syrup or sugar to derange digestion; a legitimate *medicine*, not a *beverage*. Purely vegetable and perfectly harmless in any condition of the system. World's Dispensary Medical Association, Propr's, 663 Main St., Buffalo, N.Y.

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MAKE HENS LAY LIKE SHERIDAN'S CONDITION POWDER

PURIFY YOUR BLOOD.

Do not use the dangerous alkaline and mercurial preparations which destroy your nervous system and ruin the digestive power of the stomach. The vegetable kingdom gives us the best and safest remedial agents. Dr. Sherman devoted the greater part of his life to the discovery of this reliable and safe remedy, and all its ingredients are vegetable. He gave it the name of

Prickly Ash Bitters!

a name every one can remember, and to the pleasant day nothing has been discovered that is so beneficial for the BLOOD, for the LIVER, for the KIDNEYS and for the STOMACH. This remedy is now so well and favorably known by all who have used it that arguments as to its merits are useless, and it others who require a corrective to the system would but give it a trial the health of this country would be vastly improved. Remember the name—PRICKLY ASH BITTERS. Ask your druggist for it.

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DR. HARTER'S IRON TONIC

TRADE MARK.

Will Purify the Blood; regulate the Liver and Kidneys and Restore the Health and Vigor of Youth. Dyspepsia, Want of Appetite, Lack of Strength and Energy, Loss of Memory and Nervousness, Sleeplessness, Nervous Prostration, Blues, Poor Circulation, Female Weakness, Impure Blood, Chills and Fever, Malaria, Rheumatism, Neuralgia, Kidney Troubles, Paralysis, Sciatica, Backache, Hysteria, Nervous Headache, Dizziness, Fainting Spells, Sour Stomach, Heartburn, Nausea, Indigestion, Constipation, Piles, Loss of Manhood, Impotency, Premature Old Age, Diseases Peculiar to Females, Sold by Druggists, receive New Life, Vitality, Health, Strength, Power. Sufficient to prove its merits, One Dollar. Trial size, 50 cents. Genuine has Trade Mark and Signature on wrapper. Beware of imitations and substitutes. Sold by druggists. Pamphlet free. Dr. HARTER MEDICINE CO., St. Louis, Mo.

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Finest small arms ever manufactured. Single or double action, 32 and 38 calibres. Safety, Reliable, Durable. Perfect and Target models. Best quality wrought steel; carefully inspected for workmanship and strength. Unrivaled for finish, durability and accuracy. Do not be deceived by cheap imitations often sold for the genuine. They are unreliable and dangerous. The SMITH & WESSON name, address and dates of patents, and are guaranteed perfect. Insist upon having them, and if your dealer cannot supply you, an order sent to address below will receive prompt attention. Descriptive catalogue and price-list free.

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WOMAN'S INTUITION.

Nearly Always Right in Her Judgment in Regard to Common Things.

An old gentleman over eleventy came into the city from his farm without his overcoat. The sun turned cold and he was obliged to forego his visit to the fair.

To a friend who remonstrated with him for going away from home this unpreparedness he said: "I thought it was going to be warm; my wife told me to take my overcoat, but I wouldn't. Women have more sense than men any way."

A frank admission.

Women's good sense is said to come from intuition; may it not be that they are more close observers of little things. One thing is certain, they are apt to strike the nail on the head in all the ordinary problems of life more frequently than the lords of creation.

"According to Dr. Alice Bennett, who recently read a paper on Bright's disease before the Pedagyrannia State Medical Society, persons subject to bilious attacks and sick headache, who have crawling sensations like the flowing of water in the head, who are 'tired all the time' and have unexplained attacks of sudden weakness, may well be suspected of dangerous tendencies in the direction of Bright's disease."

The veteran newspaper correspondent, Joe Howard, of the New York *Press*, in noting this statement suggests: "Possibly Alice is correct in her diagnosis, but why doesn't she give some idea of treatment? I know a man who has been 'tired all the time' for the last ten years. Night before last he took two doses of calomel and yesterday he wished he hadn't."

A proper answer is found in the following letter from Mrs. Davis, wife of Rev. Wm. J. Davis, of Buell, O., June 21st, 1890:

"I do not hesitate to say that I owe my life to Warner's Safe Cure. I had a constant hemorrhage from my kidneys for more than five months. The physicians could do nothing for me. My husband spent hundreds of dollars and I was not relieved. I was under the care of the most eminent medical men of the state. The hemorrhage ceased before I had taken one bottle of the Safe Cure. I can safely and do cheerfully recommend it to all who are sufferers of kidney troubles."

A bird's-eye view is a quick glance with an eye single to grasshoppers.

A Pleasing Sense

Of health and strength renewed and of ease and comfort follows the use of Syrup of Figs, as it acts in harmony with nature to effectually cleanse the system when costive or bilious. For sale in 50c and $1.00 bottles by all leading druggists.

With no water in sight, any man will boast of his skill at fishing.

A medicine that has been sold for years must have merit. This is the case with Prickly Ash Bitters.

With most men life is made up of going in debt and then struggling to get out.

Eleven children out of twelve need Dr. Bull's Worm Destroyers occasionally. These dainty little candies are always safe and sure.

It is some men's ambition to be great men before they learn to be met.

A Safe Investment.

If you are going East buy your tickets over the C. & A. line, always. The Union Pacific Ry. in connection with the Chicago & Alton, forms a through route between Denver and Chicago that is unequaled. By far the best equipped and fastest time; all the points East or West. Daily train service both ways. All meals served in Dining Cars. Free Reclining Chair Cars are also attached to all trains. Don't fail to ask for tickets via this route.

The young lady who makes her beau leave early generally retires by 9 o'clock.

Does Your Baby chafe easily? "LITTLE DARLING" Nursery Powder positively CURES. Sample Free. Lasell, Dalley & Co., Box 1697, New York.

It is the prodigal who scoops in the fatted calf.

STATE OF OHIO, CITY OF TOLEDO, } ss.
LUCAS COUNTY.

FRANK J. CHENEY makes oath that he is the senior partner of the firm of F. J. CHENEY & Co., doing business in the City of Toledo, County and State aforesaid, and that said firm will pay the sum of ONE HUNDRED DOLLARS for each and every case of CATARRH that cannot be cured by the use of HALL'S CATARRH CURE.

FRANK J. CHENEY.

SWORN to before me and subscribed in my presence, this 6th day of December, A. D. 1886.

(SEAL) A. W. GLEASON, *Notary Public.*

Hall's Catarrh Cure is taken internally and acts directly on the blood and mucous surfaces of the system. Send for testimonials, free.

F. J. CHENEY & CO., Toledo, O.

Sold by Druggists, 75c.

Man often acts like a fool when he knows better.

If you are in good health you do not need medicine, but when you are sick you will need Prickly Ash Bitters.

The man who keeps his word has no trouble in keeping his countenance.

Prickly Ash Bitters is a vegetable compound, pure and reliable. Give it a trial, it will help you.

The Lord is jealous and man was made in his image.

Many people think that the word "Bitters" can be used only in connection with an intoxicating beverage. This is a mistake, as the best remedy for all diseases of the blood, liver, kidneys, etc., is Prickly Ash Bitters. It is purely a medicine and every article used in its manufacture is of vegetable origin of known curative qualities.

Public sympathy is the name given to the feeling for the dog on top; the private sympathy is for the under dog.

Mrs. Winslow's Soothing Syrup, for Children teething, softens the gums, reduces inflammation, allays pain, cures wind colic. 25c. a bottle.

The countenance lies quite as readily and forcibly as the tongue.

Swedish Asthma Cure never fails. Send your address. Trial package mailed Free. Collins Brothers' Drug Co., St. Louis, Mo.

A man does not love as many as a woman, but he loves them more.

Do not fail to read about Prickly Ash Bitters in this issue. It may be of benefit to you.

When a trouble is too deep to talk about it writes itself out on the face.

A Lady in South Carolina Writes:

My labor was shorter and less painful than on two former occasions; physicians astonished; I thank you for "Mothers' Friend." It is worth its weight in gold. Address The Bradfield Reg. Co., Atlanta, Ga., for particulars. Sold by all druggists.

A man can always please a woman if he will; a woman will always please a man if she can.

Chronic Ill-Health

How many pass through life never knowing what it means to feel well. How many continue to exist who would gladly lay down and rest forever. With some it requires more courage to live than to die. They live for those they love. They live to be a protection and provide for helpless little ones. Ah! sad it is when a kind parent is afflicted with aches and pains, nervousness, weakness, dyspepsia, etc. And yet, is not a parent to blame who will thus suffer, when means of relief are right at hand. Many who long suffered in a state of chronic ill-health, whose lives were made miserable by their feelings of distress, and who found no relief from doctors, have quietly begun a use of Dr. Jon Bull's Sarsaparilla, and found health and strength therein. A word to the wise is sufficient. Demand this remedy of your druggist. Take no other.

There is nothing so easy to find as fault, there is so much of it.

Stranger than fiction is life, and each man's busy day by day to translate into acceptable truth.

THE HAUNTED CHAMBER.

BY "THE DUCHESS,"

Author of "Molly Bawn," "Mona Scully," "Phyllis," etc., etc.

CHAPTER X.—CONTINUED.

There is something bedlam in the look of exultation that lights Arthur Dynecourt's face. He has a small doll lantern with him, and now it reveals the vile glance of triumph that fires his eyes. He would fain have entered to gaze upon his victim, to assure himself of his victory, but he refrains. A deadly fear that he may not yet be quite dead keeps him back, and, with a frown, he prepares to descend once more.

Again he listens, but the sullen roar of the flames might well drown all that can be heard. His hand quakes, his face assumes a livid hue, yet he tells himself that surely this deadly silence is better than he listened to last night. Then a ghastly moaning, almost incessant and unearthly in sound, had forced his brain. It was more like the moaning of a dying brute than that of a man, Sir Adrian slowly starved to death! In his own mind Arthur can see him now, worn, emaciated, lost to all likeness of anything fair or comely. Have the rats attacked him yet? As this gruesome thought presents itself, Dynecourt rises quickly from his crouching position, and, flying down the steps, does not stop running until he arrives in the corridor below again.

He dashes into this like one possessed; but, finding himself in the light of the hanging lamp, collects himself by a violent effort, and looks around.

Yes, all is still. No living form but his is near. The corridor, as he gleams affrightedly up and down, is empty. He can see nothing but his own shadow, at sight of which he starts and turns pale and shudders.

The next moment he recovers himself, and, muttering an anathema upon his cowardice, he moves noiselessly toward his room and the brandy-bottle that has been his constant companion of late.

Yet, here in his own room, he can not rest. The hours go by with haggard steps. Midnight has struck, and still he paces his floor from wall to wall, half-maddened by his thoughts. Not that he relents. No feelings of repentance stirs him, there is only a nervous dread of the hour when it will be necessary to produce the dead body, if only to prove his claim to the title so dearly and so infamously purchased.

Is he indeed dead—gone past recall? Is this house, this place, the old title, the chance of winning the woman he would have, all his own? Is his hateful rival—hateful to him only because of his fair face and genial manners and lovable disposition, and the esteem with which he filled the hearts of all who knew him—actually swept out of his path?

Again the lurking morbid longing to view the body with his own eyes, the conning that had been his some hours ago when listening at the fatal door, seizes hold of him, and grows in intensity with every passing moment.

At last it conquers him. Lighting a candle, he opens his door and peers out. No one is astir. In all probability every one is asleep, and now sleeping the sleep of the just—all except him. Will there ever be any rest or dreamless sleep for him again?

He goes softly down-stairs, and makes his way to the lower door. Meeting no one, he ascends the stairs like one only half conscious, until he finds himself again before the door of the haunted chamber.

Then he wakes into sudden life. An awful terror takes possession of him. He struggles with himself, and presently so far succeeds in regaining some degree of composure that he can lean against the wall and wipe his forehead, and vow to himself that he will never descend until he has accomplished the object of his visit. But the result of this terrible fight with fear and conscience shows itself in the increasing pallor of his brow and the cold perspiration that stands thick upon his forehead.

Nerving himself for a final effort, he lays his hand upon the door and pushes it open. This he does with bowed head and eyes averted, afraid to look upon his terrible work. A silence more horrible to his guilty conscience than the most appalling noises, follows this act; and, again the nameless terror seizing him, he leans against it gladly, as if for support.

And now at last he raises his eyes, slowly at first and cringingly, as if dreading what they might see. Upon the board at his feet they rest for a moment, and then glide to the next board, and so on, until his coward eyes have covered a considerable portion of the floor.

And now, grown bolder, he lifts his gaze to the wall opposite and searches it carefully. Then his eyes turn again to the floor. His face grows ghastly, and with his eyes almost darting from their sockets, he compels himself to bring his awful investigation to an end. Avoiding the corners at first, as though there no experts his vile deed will cry aloud so him demanding vengeance, he gazes in a dazed way at the center of the apartment, and dwells upon it stupidly until he knows he must look further still, and then his dull eyes turn to the corners where the dusky shadows lie, brought thither by the glare of his small lantern. Reluctantly, but carefully, he scans the apartment, no remote spot escapes his roused attention. But no object, dead or living, attracts his notice. The room is empty!

He staggers. His hold upon the door relaxes. His lamp falls to the ground; the door closes with a soft, but deadly thud behind him, and—he is a prisoner in the haunted chamber! As the darkness closes in upon him, and he finds himself alone with what he hardly dares to contemplate, his senses grow confused, his brain reels; a fearful scream issues from his lips, and he falls to the floor insensible.

CHAPTER XI.

Dora, after her interview with Arthur Dynecourt, feels indeed that all is lost. Hope is abandoned—nothing remains but despair; and in this instance despair gains in poignancy by the knowledge that she believes she knows the man who would help them to a solution of their troubles if he ever would or dared. No; clearly he dare not! Therefore, no assistance can be looked for from him.

Dinner at the castle has been a promiscuous sort of entertainment for the past three or four days, so Dora feels no compunction in declining to go to it. In her own room she sits brooding miserably over her inability to be of any use in the present crisis, when she suddenly remembers that she had promised in the afternoon when with Florence to give her, later on, an account of her effort to obtain the truth about this mystery which is harrowing them.

It is now eleven o'clock and Dora decides that she must see Florence at once. Rising, wearily, she is about to cross the corridor to her cousin's room, when the door opening, she sees Florence, with a pale face and agitated, coming toward her.

"You, Florence!" she exclaims. "I was just going to you, to tell you that my hopes of this afternoon are all—"

"Let me speak," interrupts Florence breathlessly. "I must, or—" She sinks into a chair, her eyes close, and involuntarily she lays her hand upon her heart as if to allay its tumultuous beating.

Dora, really alarmed, rushing to her dressing-case, seizes upon a flask of eau-de-Cologne, and flings some of its contents freely over the fainting girl. Florence, with a sigh, rouses herself, and sits upright.

"There is no time to lose," she says confusedly. "Oh, Dora!" Here she breaks down and bursts into tears.

"Try to compose yourself," entreats Dora, seeing the girl has some important news to impart, but is so nervous and unstrung as to be almost incapable of speaking with any coherence. But presently Florence grows calmer, and then, her voice becoming clear and full, she is able to unburden her heart.

"All this day I have been oppressed by a curious restlessness," she says to Dora; and, when you left me after luncheon, your vague promises of being able to elucidate the terrible secret that is weighing us down made me even more unsettled. I did not go down to dinner—"

"Neither did I," puts in Mrs. Talbot sympathetically.

"I wandered up and down my room for at least two hours, thinking always, and waiting for the moment when you would return, according to promise, and tell me the success of your hidden enterprise. You did not come, and at half past nine, unable to stay any longer in my own room with only my own thoughts for company, I opened my door, and, listening intently, found by the deep silence that reigned throughout the house that almost every one was gone, if not to bed, at least to their own rooms.

"Lady FitzAlmont and Gertrude passed their doors about an hour ago," says Dora. "But some of the men, I think, are still in the smoking-room."

"I did not think of them. I stole from my room, and roamed idly through the halls. Suddenly a great—I can not help thinking now a supernaturally strong—desire to go into the servants' corridor took possession of me.

"Without allowing myself an instant hesitation, I turned in its direction, and walked on until I reached it."

She pauses here, and draws her breath rapidly.

"Go on," entreats Dora impatiently. "The lamp was burning dimly. The servants were all down-stairs—at their supper, I suppose—because there was no trace of them anywhere. Not a sound could be heard. The whole place filled me with a sense of awe I could not overcome. Still it attracted me. I lingered there, walking up and down until its very monotony wearied me; even then I was loath to leave it, and, turning into a small sitting-room, I stood staring idly around me. At last, somewhere in the distance I heard a clock strike ten, and, turning, I decided on going back once more to my room."

Again, emotion overcoming her Florence pauses, and leans back in her chair.

"Well, but what is there in all this to terrify you so much?" demands her cousin, somewhat bewildered.

"Ah, give me time! Now I am coming to it," replies Florence quickly. "You know the large screen that stands in the corridor just outside the sitting-room? I have mentioned—put there, I imagine to break the draught? Well, I had come out of the room and was standing half-hidden by this screen, when I saw something that paralyzed me with fear."

She rises to her feet and grows deadly pale as she says this, as though the sensation of fear she has been describing has come to her again.

"You saw—" prompts Dora, rising too, and trembling violently, as though in expectation of some fatal tidings.

"I saw the door of the room that leads to the haunted chamber slowly open. It opened; the door that has been locked for nearly fifty years, and that has filled the breasts of all the servants here with terror and dismay, was cautiously thrown open. A scream rose to my lips, but I was either too terrified to give utterance to it, or else some strong determination too know what would follow restrained me, and I stood silent, like one turned into stone. I had instinctively moved back a step or two, and was now completely hidden from sight, though I could see all that was passing in the corridor through a hole in the frame-work of the screen. At last a figure came with hesitating footsteps from behind the door into the full glare of the flickering lamp. I could see him distinctly, too."

"Arthur Dynecourt!" cries the widow, covering her ghastly face with her hands.

Florence regards her with surprise.

"It was," she says at last. "But how did you guess it?"

"I knew it," cries Dora frantically. "He has murdered him, he has hidden his body away in that forgotten chamber. He was gloating over his victim, no doubt, just before you saw him, sneaking down from a secret visit to the scene of his crime."

"Dora," exclaims Florence, grasping her arm, "if he should not have murdered him after all, if he should only have secured him there, holding him prisoner until he should see his way more clearly to getting rid of him! If this idea be the correct one, we may yet be in time to save, to rescue him!"

The agitation of the past hours proving now too much for her, Florence bursts into tears and sobs wildly.

"Alas, I dare not believe in any such hope!" says Dora. "I know that man too well to think him capable of showing any mercy."

"And yet 'that man,' as you call him, you would once have earnestly recommended to me as a husband!" returns Florence, sternly.

"Do not reproach me now," exclaims Dora; "later on you shall say to me all you wish, but now moments are precious."

"You are right. Something must be done. Shall I—shall I speak to Mr. Villiers?"

"I hardly know what to advise"—distractedly. "If we give our suspicion publicity, Arthur Dynecourt may even yet find time and opportunity to baffle and disappoint us. Besides which, we may be wrong. He may have had nothing to do with it, and—"

"At that rate, if secrecy is to be our first thought, let you and me go alone in search of Sir Adrian."

"Alone, and at this hour, to that awful room!" exclaims Dora, recoiling from her.

"Yes, at once"—firmly—"without another moment's delay."

"Oh, I can not!" declares Dora, shuddering violently.

"Then I shall go alone!"

As Florence says this, she takes up her candlestick and moves quickly toward the door.

"Stay, I will go," cries Dora trembling. But a slight interruption occurring at this instant, they are compelled to wait for awhile.

Ethel Villiers, coming into the room to make her parting address to Mrs. Talbot, as she and her father intend leaving next morning, gazes anxiously from Florence to Dora, seeing plainly that there is something amiss.

"What is it?" she asks kindly, going up to Florence.

Miss Delmaine, after a little hesitation, encouraged by a glance at Dora's terrified countenance, determines on taking the new-comer into their confidence.

In a few words she explains all that has taken place, and their suspicion. Ethel, though paling beneath the horror and surprise occasioned by the recital, does not lose her self-possession.

"I will go with you," she volunteers. "But, let me say," she adds, "I think you are wrong in making this search without a man. If—if indeed we are still in time to be of any use—to pour Sir Adrian—always supposing he really is secreted in that terrible room—I do not think any of us would be strong enough to help him down the stairs, and, if he has been slowly starving all this time, think how weak he will be!"

"Oh, what a wretched picture you conjure up!" exclaims Florence, nervously clasping her hands. "But you are right—and now tell me who you think can best be depended upon in this crisis."

"I am sure," says Ethel, blushing slightly, but speaking with intense earnestness, "that, if you would not mind trusting Captain Ringwood, he would be both safe and useful."

As this suggestion meets with approval, they manage to convey a message to the captain, and in a very few minutes he is with them, and is made acquainted with their hopes and fears.

Silently, cautiously, without any light, but carrying two small lamps ready for ignition, they go down to the corridor where is the door that leads to the secret staircase.

TO BE CONTINUED.

Several years ago a Richmond, Me., man refused to allow the Maine Central Railroad to put a foot on what he supposed was his land. A survey showed that not only the land in dispute, but several rods more, belonged to the road, and when the line fence was built it took all of the old farmer's dooryard.

FACTS FOR FARMERS.

TALK ON BEE KEEPING AND HONEY.

How to Make Bee Culture Profitable—Marketing Honey—Good Hunton Pays—Selling Milk in Winter Should be Done by the New Method.

Marketing Honey.

The financial success of the beekeeper depends very much on his tact and ability in selling his product. Some can handle both bees and honey, but cannot sell either to advantage. Others are good salesmen, but poor producers. A few can produce and sell successfully, and with equal facility. To one of the latter it is amusing as well as annoying to note the methods of marketing practiced by some beekeepers, and to observe the diverse and dubious samples of honey on a town market or huckstered about town from door to door. Crushed bees, larvæ, bee-bread, old comb containing candied and liquid honey, in one conglomerate, unsavory mass, forming some of the samples of what is brought to market and called honey (?) by some of the old-fashioned beekeepers, who still adhere to the "old box hives," and "take them up" in the fall with fire and brimstone. Then, when certain of the colonies die in the spring from disease or other cause, the remains in the hive are cut up, and dished up in old tin pans or rickety tin pails, and taken away to market. Or, if it is not taken away as comb honey (save that mark), it is duly converted into "strained" honey, and this is the way it is done: The aforesaid jumble of delicacies is cut up and squeezed, then hung up by the stove to warm, after which it is squeezed again, with something under to catch the composition as it oozes out, and so on till all the nectar, and juices, and secretions, and fluids, and excretions are squeezed out of the bag and its contents. That, then, is dubbed "strained" honey, and taken to market and sold at twopence to sixpence a pound to either innocent or penurious victims, who go home to feast on "bread and butter and honey!" Well, where ignorance is bliss 'tis folly to be wise." When the apiarist who uses "excluder zinc" to get the clean, pure comb honey, and the extractor to get the clean pure liquid, sees this thing be naturally feels both amused and disgusted. However, the consumer will soon come to understand the difference between pure extracted honey and the stuff called "strained" honey, and between the beautiful section comb honey, with not even a trace of bee bread in it, and the medley of bees, pollen and honey above described.

In the successful marketing of honey much depends upon the manner in which it is put up, and judgment in putting up, and fair business tact in disposing, no bee keeper need have honey left on his hands, no matter how much he produces.

Owing to the scarcity of the crop the past two or three seasons, both in Europe and America, and the scarcity of small fruits this season, the demand for honey is good, and the market satisfactory. Producers need not, therefore, be in any hurry this season to sacrifice their product by forced or premature sales at unremunerative figures.

THE FASTIDIOUS BEE.

The honey bee has a fine taste and a very discriminating sense of smell; she resents the malodorous and all uncleanliness; she goes further than this, and sometimes rejects as offensive what the most fastidious ones of us are unable to perceive as such.

In much handling of bees they have given me some lessons, says a writer in the Rural. The relations between us are generally of the most amicable kind, but once in a while there is a break. Sometimes one side is to blame and sometimes the other. Here is a case where this and not the other side was to blame; I noticed that the "pets" were irritable and disposed to sting at a certain time every day during honey yield, when usually they are very docile. Casting about for a cause I soon discovered it. It so happened that I had occasion to empty the whey from the milk pan after its return from the cheese factory for a few days while working in the bee yard and handling the bees. I soon noticed that it was just after returning to the yard from this work that the bees manifested their pugnacity. I concluded that the drop or two of whey I might have got on my hands was offensive to them, and accordingly paid tribute to them by always washing my hands of the drop of whey clinging to them; the effect was magical; they resumed their usual amiability, and peace was restored.

During the past summer, a few miles off at a neighboring apiary, a team of horses hitched to a milk wagon with whey on board were tied up some distance from the bee-yard; they were at once attacked by the bees in large numbers, and were stung nearly to death before they could be rescued.

In handling bees in my yard, with thousands round about in peaceable condition, I have known them to drive off certain persons who would come in, and who proved offensive to them—perhaps laboring men who were freely perspiring and neglected personal cleanliness—while others were unmolested.

Setting Milk in The Winter.

The discovery of the new method of raising the cream by the addition of hot water to the milk, is as valuable for winter dairying as for that of the summer. It is easier to keep milk warmer in the winter than cool in the summer, but yet fuel costs money, and it is an economy to spare it. It had been thought strange that while milk that is cooled by ice in the summer will throw up the cream to the top of a 20-inch pail, the milk set is air at the same temperature in the winter will not throw up the cream in the same manner. This fact is explained in this way: When milk is set in a deep pail in ice-cold water, it is suddenly cooled down to 45 degrees, and it is this sudden cooling which causes the cream to float to the top quickly, by the rapid increase in the density of the milk by the sudden cooling. If milk is set in a deep pail is exposed to cold air, it cools very slowly. That which is in close contact with the sides of the pail will cool and may be frozen by the cooling, while the center will retain its warmth for several hours, and thus the cream does not separate.

But if milk in the winter time is diluted with hot water and is set in a cool cellar at 50 or 55 degrees, or anywhere else where it will not freeze, the cream is all separated in a few hours and this occurs with milk set in shallow pans, or deeper pots, or in the common deep pails. And thus the use of stoves in the milk room is dispensed with. The thinning of the milk by the addition of water enables the cream to rise by the force of its lessby gravity, quite as much as by the increased density or heaviness of the milk cooled by ice. The effect is the same in both methods, and thus this invaluable discovery is applicable to winter dairying, as well as to summer work.

Good Mutton Pays.

A successful Nebraska breeder says: "It takes less food to make a pound of mutton than it does to make a pound of beef, and yet the mutton has been selling for the best price in the markets. A sheep can be fattened well in sixty days while a steer, to do its best, must have double that time." These we believe to be facts, and such facts as these must have their effect, sooner or later, on mutton production. What is required by the consumer is lean, juicy mutton, with just fat enough to cook it and give it a rich flavor. We have very little of such mutton in our markets. If there were more of it, there would soon be an increased demand for it and a greatly increased consumption of mutton. In neither the sheep or the hog is a mere lump of fat wanted, but tender, lean meat. So much fat does not agree with the human stomach in this latitude. It might do in Kamschatka or anywhere else in the polar regions, but it is too carbonaceous and heating for any portion of the United States. Our breeders must learn how to grow mutton and pork instead of continuing to fatten them, making them weak and diseased, and growing them requires plenty of muscle-making food, fresh air and out of door exercise. Grass, clover, grain and roots, properly proportioned and fed, will fill the bill. There is no use of expecting people to buy and consume what they do not relish and do not really need.

Worth Remembering.

Lime-water is good for chilblains.

The Sanitary News has collected these items:

A crack in the stove may be mended by mixing ashes and salt with water.

A piece of zinc put on the live coals in the stove will clean out the stove-pipe.

Cool rain water and soda will remove machine grease from washable fabrics.

The juice of raw onions applied to the stings of insects will destroy the poison.

Alum, dissolved in water and applied to a bedstead with a feather, will exterminate bed bugs.

To make paper stick to a wall that has been whitewashed, wash in vinegar or salaratus water.

Nothing is better than turpentine for the banishment of carpet worms, buffalo moths and insects.

Molasses rubbed on grass stains on white dresses will bring out the stains when the clothing is washed.

A little petroleum added to the water with which waxed or polished floors are washed improves their looks.

To brighten the inside of a tea or coffee pot, filled with water, add a piece of soap and boil for about forty-five minutes.

A small box filled with lime and placed on a shelf in the pantry or closet will absorb dampness and keep the air dry and sweet.

MODERN BOADICEAS,

Who Dress in Uniform and Ride at the Head of Troops.

Among the modern Boadiceas who have within the past quarter of a century "taken the field" with sword and shield as officers of cavalry regiments with a fearlessness and daring excelled by men, the New York Sun enumerates the German Empress Dowager Victoria, princess royal of Great Britain and Ireland; the duchess of Edinburgh, Grand Duchess Marie Alexandrovnna of Russia, and the mother of the duchess of Connaught, the widowed Princess Frederick Charles of Prussia. Each of the ladies was distinguished from the other dashing officers of regiments simply by the woman's short riding skirt rather than from lack of skill or bravery in command. The present German empress takes a more active interest in military affairs than almost any royal lady in Europe has manifested of late. At a review of the regiment of the cuirassiers she led her regiment past the emperor in a riding habit of white cashmere, with a uniform jacket having on the collar and shoulders the red and silver colors of the regiment, and a three-cornered white hat with drooping feathers. She rides superbly and remained on horseback many hours during the review, appearing at the lunch afterward in her uniform.

A Nervy Man.

"Do you see that man there in the laundry?" asked the guard of a visitor whom he was showing through the penitentiary a few days since. "Well, sir, that man is no doubt the nerviest man inside of these walls."

Visitor (interested)—Indeed!

Guard—Yes, sir, no doubt of it. Now we have a man in here who faced the shot and shell from the musket and mortar on the field of Shilo and never flinched even after receiving two painful gunshot wounds. We have another who had a gang of outlaws on the plains for years and perhaps killed more men than any other man now alive. He wasn't afraid of man nor beast. We have still another man here who with one pal held up an express train and robbed over fifty passengers and was as cool about it as if he had been passing the contribution box at church; but that man yonder beats them all for nerve.

Visitor (very much interested)—You don't say! And may I ask what he was sentenced for?

Guard—Certainly, sir; he was received here last winter on a three years' sentence for bigamy. That man had six living wives. Oh, I tell you he's got nerve."

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Mysterious Disappearances.

The records show that men and women, at the rate of nearly 2,000 a year, disappear from among their friends more completely than if the earth opened and swallowed them up. Some of them turn up again, but more do not. There is one prominent name among those missing, one that most persons in New York will remember. It is that of S. S. Conant. He was in comfortable circumstances, was editor of Harper's Weekly, had hosts of friends, a delightful home, and an interesting family.

One day the sergeant who keeps the records had occasion to write in his big book, "Missing—S. S. Conant," and then followed with a description of the man. Money and the best talent to be found in the city of New York were used, and without result, so far as finding him was concerned. Neither the man, his body, nor any trace of him was found, and it still stands on the records at police headquarters "Missing—S. S. Conant."

Well Posted Blockheads.

Few things are more mortifying to a young man of fair education and good abilities than to be convicted of ignorance or error with regard to matters which, as the saying runs, every school boy ought to know, and most boys fresh from school do know.

Dates of memorable historical facts, the origin of familiar quotations, rules of grammar, the localities of remarkable places, ancient and modern, are deemed almost disgraceful to make mistakes about; and yet, remarks the New York Ledger, the veriest thickhead, with a good machine memory—a verbalist, of whose upper story facts without ideas are the sole plenishing—may be perfectly accurate in these matters. What youth of talent, with a less tenacious memory, has not carried one of those unforgetting blockheads, with a hand chock full of facts, from which he cannot reason—of property for culinary conclusions which he is incapable of drawing.

A Poet Appreciated.

"Well, that young poet certainly writes an agreeable letter," said the editor of an obscure weekly, laying down the note that accompanied the poem.

"What does he say?" asked the editor's assistant, as he borrowed the editor's stamps.

"He makes the request that his manuscript be not consigned to the waste-basket. He actually imagines this paper is rich enough to own a waste-basket.

Hubby's Lost Memory.

Mrs. Youngthing—I used to think George had a wonderful memory, but I do believe the poor fellow is losing it all.

Mrs. Cottagelore—What makes you think so?

Mrs. Youngthing—Why, I told him three or four weeks ago that if he could think to bring me home a cook-book, I would try to lighten the cook's labors a little, but, strangely enough, he has forgotten it right along every day since.

Suddenly Amenities.

Mabel—What a perfectly exquisite new bonnet, dearest.

Ethel—Oh, I'm so glad you like it. I was afraid you wouldn't. Are you sure you like it?

Mabel—Sure! Oh, perfectly! I always did adore that shape. Why, I had three just like it when it was in fashion.

We don't believe we ever saw a man who could work with children hanging around him, or a woman who could not do it.

When a wise man saidly "Discretion is the better part of valor," all the cowards in the world had a motto for their cape.

The Home Truth of a Foreign Proverb.

The Spanish have a proverb—demasiado es peligroso—"too much is dangerous." If "truth is the salt of life," this means a great deal. Excesses and other imprudences in eating and drinking are productive of one tremendous evil—the propensity of many others—and these are among the follies to which this pithy saying has direct application. The evil to which we allude is indigestion, to the relief and cure of which Hostetter's Stomach Bitters has contributed more than any medicine which science has given to the American people. It invigorates stomachic and corrective in the highest degree of rebuilding a disordered or wrecked condition of the digestive organs, but of restoring the healthful action of the bowels and the liver. Besides this it counteracts a tendency to rheumatism and kidney complaint, extirpates and prevents malarious disease. It is a potent preventive of stomach which is failing, bashfulness and impotence and mitigates the infirmities of age.

You are fond of most people because they deceive you.

When Baby was sick, we gave her Castoria,
When she was a Child, she cried for Castoria,
When she became Miss, she clung to Castoria,
When she had Children, she gave them Castoria.

A man oftener injures his enemy than he benefits his friend.

It is a common belief that all advertisements of medicines are gross exaggerations, if not deliberate falsehoods. More than thirty years ago Dr. Pierce, of Buffalo, N. Y., discovered in Asthma for Malaria, and since that time has had a large sale without newspaper advertising. Could a medicine have stood so many years without merit?

Impudence is the impertinence that wins a woman's heart.

It is within the truth to say that such a remedy as Piso's Cure for Consumption would relieve much suffering from Malaria, and shall advise all suffering that does not agree with it to give it a trial.

A. T. SMALLEY & CO., Chicago, Ill.

When you find a man with a silver cent, you will find a man not far away contending that a brass cent gives a sweeter tone, and is very much better.

I have myself used, and known others to use Hall's Sarsaparilla